DECEMBER 1923 PRICE 25 CENTS

SCREENLAND



Norma Talmadge

Are Movie Stars the Worlds Worst Dressers



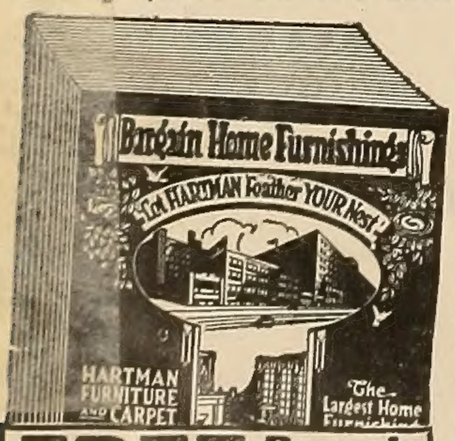
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This great 316-page book offers the world's greatest bargains in home furnishings, jewelry and farm machinery—*all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial on everything.*

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Ice Pick	**Egg and Cake Turner**
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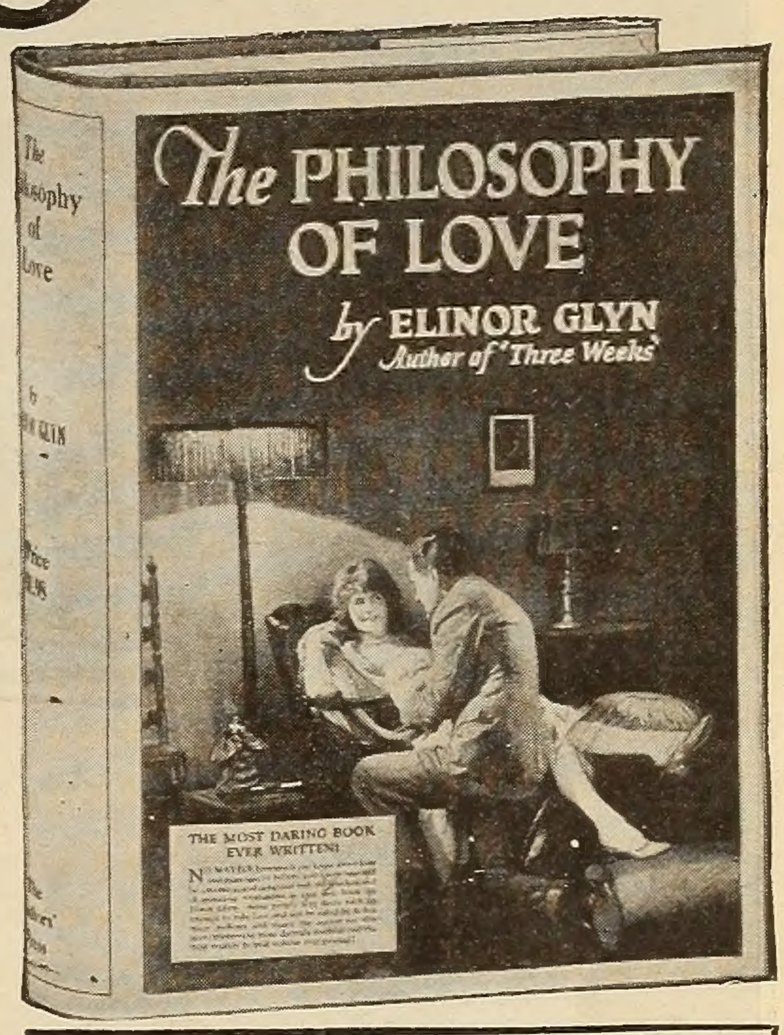
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Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk — without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —are there any real grounds for divorce?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter —and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 401, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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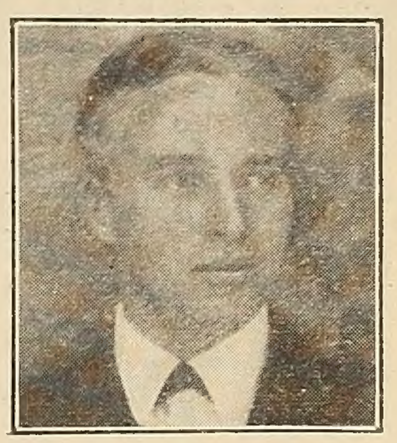
Screenland FEATURES *this month*

MYRON ZOBEL, *Publisher* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, *Editor*
ANNE AUSTIN, *Associate Editor*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

¶ The real story of the comedian's life told here for the first time.

By Alfred A. Cohn



Charlie Chaplin

¶ Screenland *presents a remarkable chronicle, with many heretofore untold episodes, of the meteoric career of* Charlie Chaplin. ¶ *The first of a remarkable series of true life star stories*—*begins in this issue on page 17*

¶ Outstanding Features *in this Number:*

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¶ The Pose Pays, *an article on publicity methods, by Katherine Albert* Page 57
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¶ The Gift for Glory, *remarkable analysis of Barbara La Marr, by Helen Lee* Page 24

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Cover Design for this Issue Painted by Rolf Armstrong

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WHAT BECOMES OF "MISSING GIRLS?"

Says Captain John Ayres, head of the Bureau of Missing Persons of New York City: "Few girls run away to go on the stage any more; Hollywood calls a few. But by far the greater number of girl 'runaways' leave home because of what may be termed 'unadjusted home conditions'."

In 1922 alone there were 1550 girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty reported lost or missing in the city of New York, and these it became the job of Captain Ayres and his men to ferret out.

Read Captain Ayres' astonishing reminiscences of these girls who run away from home and into trouble. He tells why girls go wrong and how they may "come back." Just one of the features in

DECEMBER "REAL LIFE STORIES"

Since this book is a faithful mirror of life as it is really lived, we are giving you stories of people whom you have heard and read about—people who figure prominently in the day's news. In REAL LIFE STORIES you will get the "inside story" on many an unusual occurrence which the newspapers only hint at.

THE AMAZING STORY OF GILDA GRAY

"This is a tale of love where fickle women and cynical men clash arms and fight to the finish, where sin is rampant and goes unchallenged—where the white lights of Broadway burn their fiercest. It is a tale of poverty, ambition, love and success, and the greatest of these is love. A love that is undying in its loyalty, a love that knows no failure and whose very intensity has been the buttress of a gigantic success—"

In fact, the story of Gilda Gray, from the time, five years ago, when she landed on Ellis Island, a forlorn little Polish immigrant girl, until now, when she shines, the brightest star on Broadway.

AND FOURTEEN OTHER GOOD STORIES

Wynn Holcomb, known in the "Big Town" simply as Wynn, one of the cleverest cartoonists in New York, tells a hair-raising yet amusing story of his experience with a ghost in Paris, where he had been studying. And Wynn illustrates his story in his own inimitable style.

Here are the titles of the stories that make up the best issue yet—the best issue of any magazine which purports to tell real stories of real people:

FOREVER
TRAUMEREI
THE HIGH HEART
A HOME-TOWN GIRL
REDEEMED
THE VILLAGE DRESSMAKER
THE TIDE GOES OUT
RED ROSES—OR WHITE?
THE FLAPPER MENACE
THE MOON CHILD
KING'S X
THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE

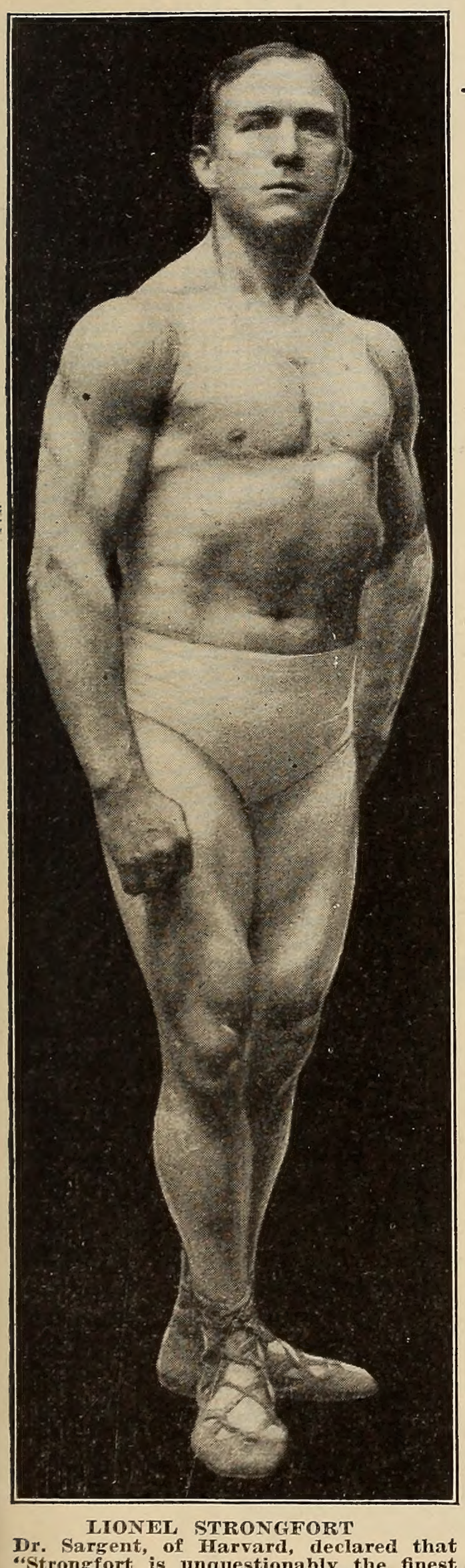
MY DISCARDED WIFE

We feel proud of the December issue. It looks great. And we want you to be looking forward to it—on all newsstands November 15. In addition to the above stories and features, there will be four pages of lovely portraits, printed in the warm sepia tints of rotogravure, and four pages of theatrical and screen gossip, fairly plastered with pictures of favorite players—also in the pleasing tints of rotogravure.

REAL LIFE STORIES

Out November 15 **For December** **25 cents the copy**

Dynamic Personality



LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

YOU—Man—have you a Dynamic Personality? Do you possess the personal attractiveness that draws women to you as the magnet draws steel? Have you the lithe, erect body, the six-cylinder vitality, that literally COMPELS feminine admiration? These are serious questions. I say to you frankly that everything—everything—depends upon your honest answer.

Women adore strength in men; they despise the weakling. The secret of magnetic attraction, in men, is a strong, well developed body. Just as men love beauty in women, so do women love strength in men. Powerful personal attractiveness is possessed only by those men who enjoy glowing health, limitless vitality and a perfect physique.

ATTRACTIVE POWER AND SUCCESS

The qualities that make a man irresistibly attractive to women are the same qualities that enable him to succeed in business—to make more money. Modern science demonstrates that sex attraction is the most powerful factor in business success. Women worship successful men, not because they are successful, but because they possess powerful personal magnetism. Success—money earning ability—depends upon health, energy, endurance, business and social attractiveness, and normal sex life.

You can't expect women to admire you, you can't expect to make the money you would like to, if you are bound down by the shackles of disease, if you are a morbid, miserable victim of nervousness, fear, bad habits, sexual excesses, lost vitality, or any of the terrible handicaps that prevent you from being a man among men. You can't have your heart's desires if your muscles are flabby and weak. Women may *tolerate* you but they can't *love* you; you may eke out a miserable existence at a poorly paid job, but you can't have life's big prizes.

YOU CAN POSSESS COMPELLING PERSONAL POWER

I am a teacher and developer of men. My work in life is to bring men to the peak of their powers—to fit them for the exhilarating battles of life and love. No matter how bad off you may think you are, I will positively show you how you can, in a remarkably short time, develop muscles of steel, a keen, strong mind, tremendous will power, vitality and bounding health. I will show you how to rebuild your body inside and out, increase your chest expansion, develop a symmetrical figure, recharge your whole system with renewed strength, conquer all your weaknesses, rid yourself of all disease, and be a Perfect Man—a Man fit to DEMAND of life what you will. If all this sounds too good to be true, remember I GUARANTEE results.

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Thousands of grateful men testify to the amazing benefits received from my Man Building methods. They tell of being cured of stubborn chronic diseases, of being saved from the brink of sexual disaster, of increasing their strength and personal power, of increasing their incomes several hundred per cent., of happy marriages and healthy children. These testimonials are *hard facts*—proof conclusive of the value to YOU of my methods.

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..Thinness	..Torpid Liver	..Deformity (Describe)
..Rupture	..Indigestion	..Stomach Disorders
..Lumbago	..Nervousness	..Pimples
..Neuritis	..Poor Memory	..Blackheads
..Neuralgia	..Rheumatism	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Gastritis	..Lung Troubles
..Insomnia	..Heart Weakness	..Weak Back
..Bad Breath	..Poor Circulation	..Drug Addiction
..Bad Blood	..Increased Height	..Healthy Children
..Weak Eyes	..Easy Childbirth	..Weaknesses (Specify)
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Norma Talmadge

THIS reproduction cannot, of course, do justice to the vivid, glorious coloring of SCREENLAND'S December cover painting. Done in rich full colors on heavy pebbled glaze stock, this portrait makes a handsome, dignified ornament for the home. It is our gift to you, with your subscription to SCREENLAND.

SAVE time and money. There is a double joy in Christmas shopping when you can stay at home comfortably, and order an inexpensive gift that is sure to please. Avoid the jostling crowds of shoppers, the annoyance of wrapping and mailing by sending SCREENLAND. Read the next paragraph. Let us tell you how SCREENLAND appeals.

SCREENLAND

UNUSUAL, brilliant, fascinating—SCREENLAND is the magazine sensation of the year. Two hundred thousand readers are thrilled monthly by its clever, youthful, fearless stories of movie life. You'll search in vain through SCREENLAND for Merton interviews, banal articles, and stale news.

SCREENLAND has the most remarkable staff of screen writers in the world; among them are Frederick James Smith, Delight Evans, Robert E. Sherwood, Eunice Marshall, Grace Kingsley—the cream of the writers who *know* the world of celluloidia. And artists!—John Held, Jr., Wynn, Everett Shinn, Rolf Armstrong—where else will you find a greater galaxy of famous portrayers of beauty?

And finally, SCREENLAND has just launched a startling series of real life stories of the famous screen folk; presenting for the first time the hitherto untold tales of their struggling days, the little anecdotes filled with tears and laughter that make you understand and know them.

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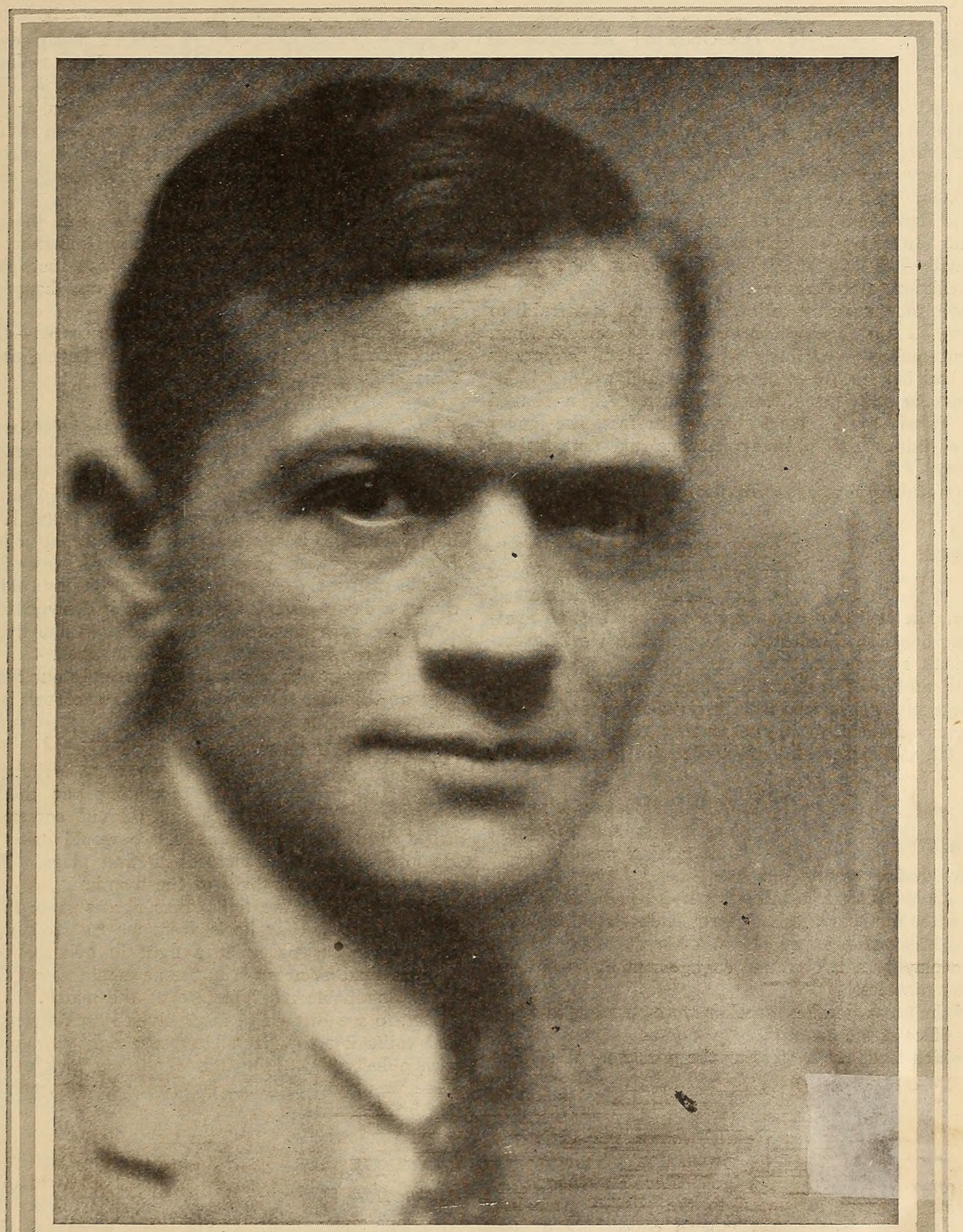
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** You are by no means restricted to the limits of this coupon. Use a separate sheet of paper for as many names as you please.*

SCREENLAND *for* DECEMBER



PIRIE MAC DONALD

JOHN HELD, JR.

¶ Mr. Held *is the well known artist and creator of the piquant Held's belles. The most famous of them,* Phyllis, *is an exclusive feature of* Screenland.

Frederick James Smith *Talks*

Too Much Restraint

PRAISE be! At last one of our native stars tosses restraint to the winds and actually acts! The instance in point is Gloria Swanson in her version of *Zaza.* And yet, when the New York newspaper reviewers came to comment upon her performance, they said unanimously that she was overacting.

We wonder just what are the mental reactions of a player who dares—and then encounters a barrage of condemnation. In their criticisms, these gentlemen of the press actually—and unconsciously—put their finger upon the big weakness of our screen.

We have too much restraint. Everyone is afraid to act. There is too much thought given to camera lines, clothes and make-up—and too little to acting. Even our Pola has had her eyebrows plucked by Hollywood.

Our stars actually are afraid to move even a shaved eyebrow. Gloria moves 'em in *Zaza.* In fact, she moves nearly everything. It's a finely nervous and unrestrained performance.

We congratulate you, Miss Swanson!

The Menace Turns

I WONDER what Ma Pickford thinks, now that *Rosita* has been made and released. You know, Ma went out and bought up the German menace, largely one Ernst Lubitsch, and put it to work directing America's sweetheart.

Then, lo and behold, Herr Lubitsch turns out a well nigh perfect picture, except that it reveals our own Mary as being very inadequate in the leading role.

Maybe Ma will be careful of menaces in future.

What is a Super-Feature?

JUST what makes a screen play into a super-feature? It is getting steadily more difficult to decide where the line lines. Early in September a whole flock of so-called super-features hit Broadway and, after the smoke had cleared, it developed that the one film to break records was Harold Lloyd's *Why Worry.* which was playing a two weeks' engagement at one of the regular film theaters.

Most of the much heralded specials were starving to death at the box office at the moment.

All of which leads me to give up the problem. What is a special, anyway?

Make-Up or Acting

EVER since the Universal production of Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* was first disclosed to the public, there has been an argument over Lon Chaney's conception of the role of Quasimodo. Chaney wears a curious rubber contrivance over his shoulders and arms to accentuate the physical distortion of the Hunchback and his facial make-up is enough to send little Willie to bed at twilight, shivering.

To me, all this is make-up rather than acting. Chaney seems to believe that one is synonymous with the other. To which we offer John Barrymore's playing in *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* as Exhibit A of what we mean.

Acting is something more than making up to resemble a hot water bottle.

Casting Another Fred Stone

THAT much advertised impending celluloid event, *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean,* isn't going to happen after all. The semi-official version emanating from the William Fox offices explains that the production was in such a chaotic state when its director, Bernard Durning, died that it was impossible to continue work.

Maybe so. It sounds suspiciously as if the scenes thus far shot reveal the fact that Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, successful singing comedians behind the footlights, haven't screen value, after all. Such things *have* happened before, you know.

Remember when Fred Stone hit the screen—and the dull thud that followed? Gallagher and Shean's debut sounds remarkably like a double-barreled dud.

Lillian and Vesuvius

GLANCING back at the recent film version of the late F. Marion Crawford's *The White Sister,* I am prompted to point a moral. The whole thing would have been much better if its makers hadn't thought it necessary to insert a big climax. *The White Sister* has what scenarists are pleased to call a double menace. A volcanic eruption by old Vesuvius causes a dam to break and the hero is drowned.

Which, as a certain director said, is like dying of hay fever in the midst of the Galveston flood.

Why must we have physical menaces in our films To my way of thinking, Lillian Gish's left eyebrow is ten times as devastating as Vesuvius.

Those Fight Pictures

IF we were strictly honest in tabulating our thoughts upon the current screenplays, published elsewhere in this issue, we would have placed the Dempsey-Firpo fight pictures in first place. They surely gave us the biggest thrill of the month.

Shipment of prize fight films across state lines is forbidden by law. Far be is from me to guess wherein lies the menace of gazing at a fight in gelatine form, when one can read all about it in the newspapers and likewise see every obtainable news picture of the match.

But, to see Firpo rise after seven knock-downs and crash that eminent actor, Jack Dempsey, right through the ropes with a lusty right, constituted our big kick of the month. Here was enough drama to satisfy anyone, condensed into one brief second.

Discovering the Revolution

THE motion picture producers seem to have suddenly discovered the American Revolution. David Wark Griffith is already well into a big production, to be called *America,* which will occupy nine months in the making. I caught a glimpse of some of the early scenes, one of them including the Battle of Lexington. Indeed, right out at Mamaroneck "D. W." has been refiring the gun that was once heard around the world.

Griffith's *America* is to be a panorama of the Revolution, with every one of the historical characters from George Washington to Benedict Arnold. The Marion Davies is about to start upon *Janice Meredith,* that one-time best seller of the Revoultion, and Richard Barthelmess is about to do a feature based upon the life of Nathan Hale.

on Restraint and Bathing Cuties

Yes, the Revolution is with us. Which reminds us of that famous tradition of our stage—that plays of the Revolution always fail. It isn't possible to make characters affecting wigs seem flesh and blood, ran the legend.

Still, the screen has accomplished that feat. Lubitsch turned the trick a number of times and John Robertson does it at the present moment with Barthelmess' *The Fighting Blade.*

It all depends upon the director.

The Bathing Cutie Returns

THE bathing girls are back. For, lo, these many months the bathing girl has been taboo. The censor has stood between the public and the one-piece bathing suit, occupied by the conventional cutie.

Maybe the censor is relenting. Maybe the producer is getting more courageous. Anyway, the bathing girl is back. Even Mack Sennett has restored her to her own.

Which is as it should be. The screen has been too darned refined. But why worry now? The gals are with us.

Sometimes I am amused at the chasm lying between the stage and screen. Apparently the footlights can dare anything. While the bathing girl is just managing to get a screen foothold again, the speaking theater reveals a revue such as *Artists and Models.*

This current New York success is a cuticle expose such as no theater this side of the Paris Folies Bergere has attempted.

Yet the stage gets away with it!

The Ten Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S investigation into the ten most significant motion picture dramas ever made has brought about some interesting sidelights.

It is curious how closely most of these lists resemble each other. Nearly every tabulation carries at least four productions, *The Birth of a Nation, The Kid, Broken Blossoms* and *The Covered Wagon.*

If I was to make my own particular list of ten again I would be tempted to add two pictures: *The Golem* and *The Gay Old Dog,* that almost forgotten little gem made by Mrs. Sidney Drew and Hobart Henley. And possibly I would add *The Jack-Knife Man,* made by King Vidor before he gave way to the disconcerting shrieks of the box-office.

Griffith and the Big Set

AND, too, I might be tempted to add David Wark Griffith's *Intolerance* to the list, if I could make it elastic enough. This despite the fact that I have already named *Judith of Bethulia,* which I consider the forerunner of *Intolerance,* and, indeed, the forerunner of all cinematic spectacles.

Certainly no set, despite all the frequent blare of many trumpets, has ever equalled the massive Babylon of Griffith's —created in make-believe back in 1915. And that isn't my opinion alone. Just before he sailed for Europe the other day, Rex Ingram told me the same thing. "I saw a revival of the picture only recently," said Ingram, "and I realized for the first time the greatness of Griffith. We've had big sets and big sets—but no one has quite touched the magnitude of D. W.'s Babylon."

Lighting Vs. Actors

HOW long are screen productions to be studded with trick lighting? The present policy in making motion picture dramas seems to be to light some single part of the set—and let the expensive $1,000-a-week actor remain in the dark.

To speak the truth, our films are getting too arty. After all, the story and the actor are the essentials of the photoplay. Backgrounds should be backgrounds, suggesting rather than thundering. The screen has too many overloaded sets—and too little real acting.

The Newer Screen Setting

SOME of the best—or worst —examples of over-ornate settings have been coming from Joseph Urban. To our way of thinking, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* will be a monument to excessive screen settings. Where Urban would have gained a thousand fold by simplicity and suggestion, he lost immeasurably by filling his sets with scenery and properties.

Against this sort of so-called art background we place the settings of Everett Shinn, whose drawings are well known to SCREENLAND readers. Here are simple sets full of the mellow atmosphere of the Cromwellian period. The streets for instance, aren't massive things with the smoothness of a billiard table—or a studio floor.

Perhaps others believe with me. Anyway, Shinn is now doing the settings of Marion Davies' newest production, *Janice Meredith.*

Lack of Leading Players

ONE of the really serious problems of screen production in this year of our cinema, 1923, is the complete lack of good leading men and women. The silversheet hasn't been creating new material, it hasn't been developing its players, it has failed to realize that it must experiment and seek new blood all the time.

Talk to any director casting a new production—and realize the truth of this statement. It being impossible to find new leading players without venturing with un-tried material, the director finally accepts the actors at hand. You can count the promising leading players on one hand. Dorothy Makaill, Ronald Colman and a few others. Who else?

It's about time that directors experimented. Just now they're too complacent and self-satisfied.

The Aging of the Stars

THIS seeking for new histrionic material must go on—or the screen will slowly collapse. It must have young blood.

Consider our stars. At best, a large proportion of them have but a few celluloid years left. Time is taking its toll —and the men behind the camera haven't had the foresight to build for this inevitable contingency.

The photoplay must have youth!

Cinematic Achievement

THE ultimate in cinematic advance has been made!

The screen may develop a little further but we doubt it. Really, what else can happen?

They're beginning to soft-focus Strongheart, the dog star.

As We Go to Press:

¶ Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, have sailed for Europe. The next Ingram picture will be made near Tunis and will be Edgar Selwyn's *The Arab,* with Ramon Novarro again playing the lead.

¶ At last the Goldwyn production of *Ben-Hur* is under way. Charles Brabin, who will direct the film, and June Mathis, who will supervise, are now in Italy. George Walsh will play *Ben-Hur* but the remainder of the cast will be Italian.

¶ Emil Jannings is coming to America for a single picture with Famous Players.

¶ Lillian Gish is to do *Jeanne d'Arc,* probably following her production of George Eliot's *Romola.* This new visualization of the life of the Maid of Orleans will be made in France.

¶ Richard Barthelmess has started work on Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Enchanted Cottage.* John Robertson is directing. May McAvoy has been signed at one thousand, seven hundred dollars a week to play the leading feminine role.

¶ The Film Guild has just completed a screenplay based upon the life of Peter Stuyvesant.

¶ Rumors that Cecil De Mille is leaving Famous Players-Lasky officially denied. De Mille will have a separate producing unit, however.

¶ James Kirkwood is rapidly recovering from his injuries and is to be co-starred with his wife, Lila Lee, by Thomas Ince.

¶ Charles Chaplin's new serious film, *A Woman of Paris,* attracts unusual interest at New York premiere. Despite announcements, Chaplin really appears in the picture, playing the man who carries the trunk in one brief scene.

¶ Baby Peggy has just visited New York for the first time, as the guest of her new manager, Sol Lesser.

¶ Pola Negri to do *Madame Sans-Gene* with Sidney Olcott directing.

¶ Norma Talmadge has definitely decided to do *Romeo and Juliet,* with Rodolph Valentino as the rumored---but unlikely---*Romeo.* Litigation will probably prevent, however.

¶ Report that Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are soon to become engaged.

¶ Dorothy Mackaill, who has been playing leads for Richard Barthelmess, has been signed by Famous to play the principal feminine role in Sam Woods' production of Kate Jordon's *The Next Corner.* Lon Chaney and Conway Tearle are in the same cast.

¶ Reports from coast indicate that Mrs. Monte Blue and Mrs. George Melford are the latest additions to the film colony filing suits for divorce.

¶ Death of Gloria Swanson's father in Chicago has delayed the start of *The Humming Bird,* her next production.



GLORIA SWANSON
BY MAURICE GOLDBERG



NITA NALDI
BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



RICHARD DIX
BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES



NORMA TALMADGE
By Melbourne Spurr

The First True Life Story *of*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN



By Alfred A. Cohn

¶ *This is the first of* Screenland's *remarkable series of stories of our foremost celluloid luminaries, presenting the hitherto untold life tales of the famous film folk. These vital, throbbing chronicles of motion picture history will make you know--and understand--your favorites as never before. Here you will find stories never before published--anecdotes that reveal the real person behind the shadow self created by publicity.*

A SMALL group of men stepped blinkingly out of the darkness of the projection room. With a single exception perhaps, their brows were impressively altitudinous; their demeanor studiously important. No word was spoken until they had emerged into broad, dazzling daylight.

One of the group finally spoke.

"Gentlemen," he declared in something of the tones the royal physician would employ while informing the king's councillors that a male heir had just been ushered into the world to save the dynasty; "Gentlemen, we have just seen the greatest forward step ever taken in motion pictures. This that we have seen is Life; it is Truth; it is Art."

Had there been within hearing one of the thousands of erudite exhibitors or sapient salesmen of cinematic wares, any of whom know all there is to know about making "pitchers," he would have immediately suggested putting it "on the shelf." The "shelf" is the graveyard of screenplays that are considered too bad or "too artistic" to release. The wise exhibitor or salesman just naturally knows that an artistic picture is not "box office."

And yet a few days later the same picture was shown to a bunch of the hardest boiled, lowest browed box office experts west of Death Valley with the result that it was booked for a run at a Los Angeles theatre at the biggest guaranteed rental ever offered for a screenplay anywhere.

Concerning A Woman of Paris

ART and the box office at last seem to have met on common ground.

Whether or not the picture is all that the intellectuals say it is cannot be proved by me. Nor can I guarantee that the production will bring in its appraised value, something like $3,000,000. I am merely chronicling the astonishing fact that on the face of things, art and commercialism have been merged, and the amazing fact that this cinema millenium has been brought about by Charlie Chaplin, hitherto regarded simply as the chief exponent and



¶ *Charlie Chaplin, in a tense moment of directing* A Woman of Paris.

THE FIRST OF SCREENLAND'S

¶ Screenland presents a remarkable chronicle of the meteoric career of Charlie Chaplin from his first music hall appearance at the age of five to his present zenith of success.

protagonist of custard-pie drama—Charlie Chaplin, the funny man of the screen—the world's buffoon extraordinary.

And yet this same Charlie Chaplin is being hailed today in Hollywood as the cinema's greatest dramatic director. They say he has begun where the Griffiths and Lubitsches and De Milles left off; that he has done what other great directors have always hoped to do—and for years have been promising to do.

If he has done these things, there is no one to claim a share of the credit. It all belongs to Charlie. It was his story, his continuity, his direction; his final editing. Even if he hasn't done the impossible, the fact that the big people of filmland, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Lubitsch, Niblo, Neilan, and writers of note, believe that he has, which is sufficient evidence that it is a remarkable achievement.

The Chaplin opus, *A Woman of Paris,* crowns a career that has no counterpart in history or fiction, a career that had its beginning in the most abject poverty.



¶ Mr. Cohn is going to delve into the careers of our famous screen folk--and tell you, step by step, of their picturesque lives. No mere biographies are these--but absorbing under-the-skin revelations, with many an anecdote that has never before seen printer's ink.

¶ These heart-throb chronicles are going to paint the rise to fame of Mabel Normand, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Mack Sennett, Erich Von Stroheim, William S. Hart, Marshall Neilan, Pola Negri, Rodolph Valentino, Charles Ray, Gloria Swanson, Cecil B. De Mille and Rex Ingram.

¶ Next month? A remarkable story of Gloria Swanson. Order your copy now!

Music Hall Debut at Five

CHARLES DICKENS might have written the early part of that history; the tale of the little five year old boy, half starved and half dead with fright, pushed out on a music hall stage at Aldershot, the English garrison town, and told to sing. "Sing 'Jack Jones' and ye'd better sing it good!" was the parting command.

Somehow or other he got through the first verse of the coster song. Strength was beginning to flow back into the thin pipestems of legs. And then as he started the second verse, something struck him on the cheek. He winced, closed his eyes and sang bravely on, although his lips trembled and his cheeks twitched. Again something from "out front" struck him. He faltered for a moment and then suddenly the truth dawned and he realized in his childish way that it had been a mistake. It wasn't what he thought. The sound was different. He had not failed after all. He opened his eyes and looked down on the stage. Yes, that was it. They were throwing coins on the stage, pennies, sixpences and shillings, and even a half crown or two.

Then hazy memories of the illness and death of the elder Charles, the family's chief breadwinner, the collapse of the mother . . the poorhouse. Perhaps it was a year, maybe only six months of clog-dancing in cheap music halls or public houses—dancing in unison with other ill-nourished youngsters under the ever threatening guidance of a heavy handed prompter.

The thrill of a first engagement in legitimate drama, playing the boy Billy in *Sherlock Holmes* with William Gillette in London. The disappointment because Gillette did not offer to take the boy to America and later the dwindling of any chance to become a great tragedian. Then a job as a comedian as an alternative to starvation. Eventually America in his early twenties on various vaudeville circuits.

"That Lonesome Little Englishman"

WE all have a favorite "memory." Mine is of a night just ten years ago this fall. It was in the old Press Club of Los Angeles, where the newspapermen of the city used to meet and play cards and dance and maybe drink things that are now extinct. It was one of the periodic dances, about the nearest thing to Bohemianism the town could boast of. One of the boys at the Keystone, Harry McCoy, Semnett's

TRUE LIFE STAR STORIES

¶ Here you will find the untold episodes of Chaplin's career, from the curious discovery of the huge trousers, quaint cane and trick shoes to his love for literature—and the ladies!

leading juvenile, came up as usual to play the piano for us and brought along a friend.

"Introduce him to some of the girls so he can dance," said Harry as he presented his friend to a small group, including the writer. "He's a little Englishman who's just joined us out at the Keystone—and he's awfully lonesome and bashful."

Well, he made quite a hit with the "gang" because he danced well and was modest—for an actor—and the girls made a fuss over him because of his small feet. But I distinctly remember calling him "Mr. Chapman," throughout the evening. And never knew it was anything else until months later when I saw the first movie comedy to carry the name of Charlie Chaplin.

Hard Sledding for a Shy Young Man

It was hard sledding for the shy young Englishman those first few months at Mack Sennett's. They all moved so blamed fast. He just couldn't get over a single thing by speeding at the tempo employed by Ford Sterling, Fatty Arbuckle and the other rough-house comics. He was used to putting over his stuff more slowly with more finesse. He would have quit were it not for the fact that $75 a week was the biggest salary he had ever received and he had a year's contract. And then the fellows were good to him. When he arrived at the studio with fear and trembling, they had made him feel at home. Of course Roscoe and Mabel kidded him a lot because of his Englishness, but they showed him how to make up—and everything. Up in the dressing room shared by Ford Sterling and the late Fred Mace, he had been outfitted. Fred had supplied a pair of his old pants. He was pretty fat then and the trousers looked funny on the fly-weight comedian from the Karno music hall troupe. Ford Sterling donated a pair of his old shoes, destined to become the most famous articles of footwear in history, and a little tight-fitting coat was contributed by tiny Shrimpy Charley Avery.

The derby and the cane came later.

Charlie's first part was that of a shabby-genteel Englishman, heavy moustached and plug-hatted in a comedy called *Between Showers* in which Ford Sterling was starred. Ford was then the highest salaried comedian on the screen, his weekly envelope containing the princely sum of $200 or thereabouts. Charlie worked in several other comedies without threatening the laurels of the featured comedian. In fact the director complained bitterly of him to Sennett. He just wouldn't do—no pep, no speed, too slow for Keystone stuff.

Then the big pow-wow between Charlie and the boss at which the latter was finally sold on the proposition that if left to himself Charlie could turn out a good comedy. It has been said that Charlie offered to pay for the film used if the picture was a "flop."

Dough and Dynamite Scores

It wasn't. The name of it was *Dough and Dynamite* which has provided laughs for the world intermittently for nine years or more.

Within a few months picture houses from San Diego to Bangor were clamoring for Chaplin comedies. As laugh evokers their equal had never been screened. The high-water mark of that year was reached with the making of *Tillie's Punctured Romance,* starring Marie Dressler, and



¶ *Chaplin is a remarkable development from the child who actually saw life at its worst—in an English poorhouse. Then he broke away, to do clog dancing in the music halls.*



¶ *Chaplin was an exceedingly timid person when he first came to the Sennett studios. He encountered a lot of kidding from Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle. But he soon came into his own.*

"stolen" by Charlie Chaplin. It was the first multiple reel slapstick comedy and a tremendous money maker. The end of the year found Charlie famous throughout the cvilized world.

As the contract reached expiration, it became rumored in film circles that Universal was going to offer Chaplin a contract calling for $1000 per week. The offer was never made because, hearing the rumor, "Broncho Billy" Anderson, then a half owner of Essanay came to Los Angeles and made Chaplin an offer of $1250 a week which he accepted. The deal was closed over a table in Al Levy's old cafe. Sennett strangely did not enter the competition.

Chaplin Discovers Ben Turpin

THEN a trip to Chicago to begin the contract. However, it was too cold there and Charlie went to the Essanay plant at Niles, California. But he had read enough Chamber of Commerce literature to convince him that Los Angeles was the only place in the world to make pictures so he insisted on finishing the contract in the City of Angeles. His early Essanay comedies were notable for the discovery of Ben Turpin.

It will be of interest to many to learn that Charlie's great comedy *The Kid* was really born during his early screen career. That is, the idea of making a long comedy based on incidents which occurred during his own childhood days in London's slums. When he signed with Essanay, he asked for the privilege and was told that he would be allowed to make one feature length comedy during the year of the contract. He actually began making it upon his return to Los Angeles. Luckily for Charlie, and for Jackie Coogan, Essanay called a halt.

The fact of the matter is that the demand for Chaplin comedies was so loud and insistant and so remunerative that Essanay did not want any hesitation or delay in the flow of product. Charlie insisted on the keeping of the promise of a multiple reel comedy. Finally it was arranged that Charlie should forego the pleasure of making the picture he had set his heart on. As balm for his wounded feelings he was promised a bonus of $10,000 upon the completion of each and every two reeler. He had made quite some headway with the big comedy which he had planned to name *Life*. But the film already shot was put together and the result called *Police*. There were a lot of left over scenes and cutouts which Essanay assembled after Charlie left them, and these were made into a picture they titled *Triple Trouble*. It proved to be just that as it was the basis of a lawsuit brought against the company by Chaplin. [*Continued on page* 90]



¶ *Chaplin has slowly felt his way to mental independence. He has always been addicted to fads, which have ranged all the way to socialism. But his greatest fad is the ladies!*

¶ *"Never again—the industry can struggle along without me," says Harriette Underhill, as she tells*

WHY *I'll* Never TITLE *Another Film*

Says Harriette Underhill

¶ *"By the time you have titled half a dozen pictures you'll know that the office boy has more to say about it than you have. They engage you to title a picture and then everybody, from the telephone operators to the President's relatives, especially the President's relatives, contribute something. If there is room left they use your titles."*

WE HAVE titled our last picture, so in the future the industry will have to struggle along without us as best it can.

This decision did not come to us overnight. We had been considering such a move for some time and then we wrote a sub-title which said, "Helen has her revenge. She refuses to be forgotten," and it came out on the screen, "Even a cad may know remorse when he finds that his victim is a thoroughbred."

That settled it! Then and there we decided never to title another picture unless the producer gave us carte blanche—and this will never occur until the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. But out of evil cometh good, for we have gained tolerance. Now, when we encounter titles which read, "Embrace me, mother, I am bethrothed" or "No one can manage him but I," we censure the title and exonerate the title writer.

"A Fate Worse Than Death"

WE ONCE saw a picture which had been titled by a young woman who has been very successful at that sort of thing. She is well equipped for her work and she receives $1000 for titling a five-reel picture. We had heard that she was one of the best in the business and then we saw that picture. A young girl from the country, who had come to wicked New York to go on the stage, decides that, rather than meet "A fate worse than death," she will take poison. A kindly policeman in the park seizes the bottle as she is about to drink the carbolic and she looks up at him and—take it from the title—wails, "In every enterprise in life I am thwarted." Now we ask you, wasn't she elegant! And later on, when she gets rich and has a maid she says, "You may extinguish the lights, Marie, I will await the dawn unattended."

Well, when we came face to face with this title writer one day she grasped our hand and exclaimed, "I owe you a debt of gratitude for planning the titles the way you did. I intended to write and thank you."

Feeling that we had right on our side we prepared to defend our stand and then we saw that she was serious. "Yes," she said, "weren't they terrible!"

"But didn't you write them?" we asked. "Your name was on the screen."

Of course, but by the time you have titled half a dozen pictures you'll know that the office boy has more to say about it than you have. They engage you to title a picture and then everybody, from the telephone operators to the president's relatives—especially the president's relatives—contribute something. If there is any room left they use your titles—that is if they haven't time to collect any others?

The President Helps

"THEN our case is not unique?" we asked.

"Not at all. When you are engaged to write titles for a picture the producer expects you to write to suit him. If you don't he will write them himself and generously allow you the credit."

"The 'age-old cry' as the title writers love to say. Then you admit that you are a prostitute—a literary prostitute?" we asked.

"I suppose so—yes; but aren't we all?"

So We're Going Straight

"COUNT us out," we replied. "We've titled our last picture. From now on we're going straight! We're 'coming clean'."

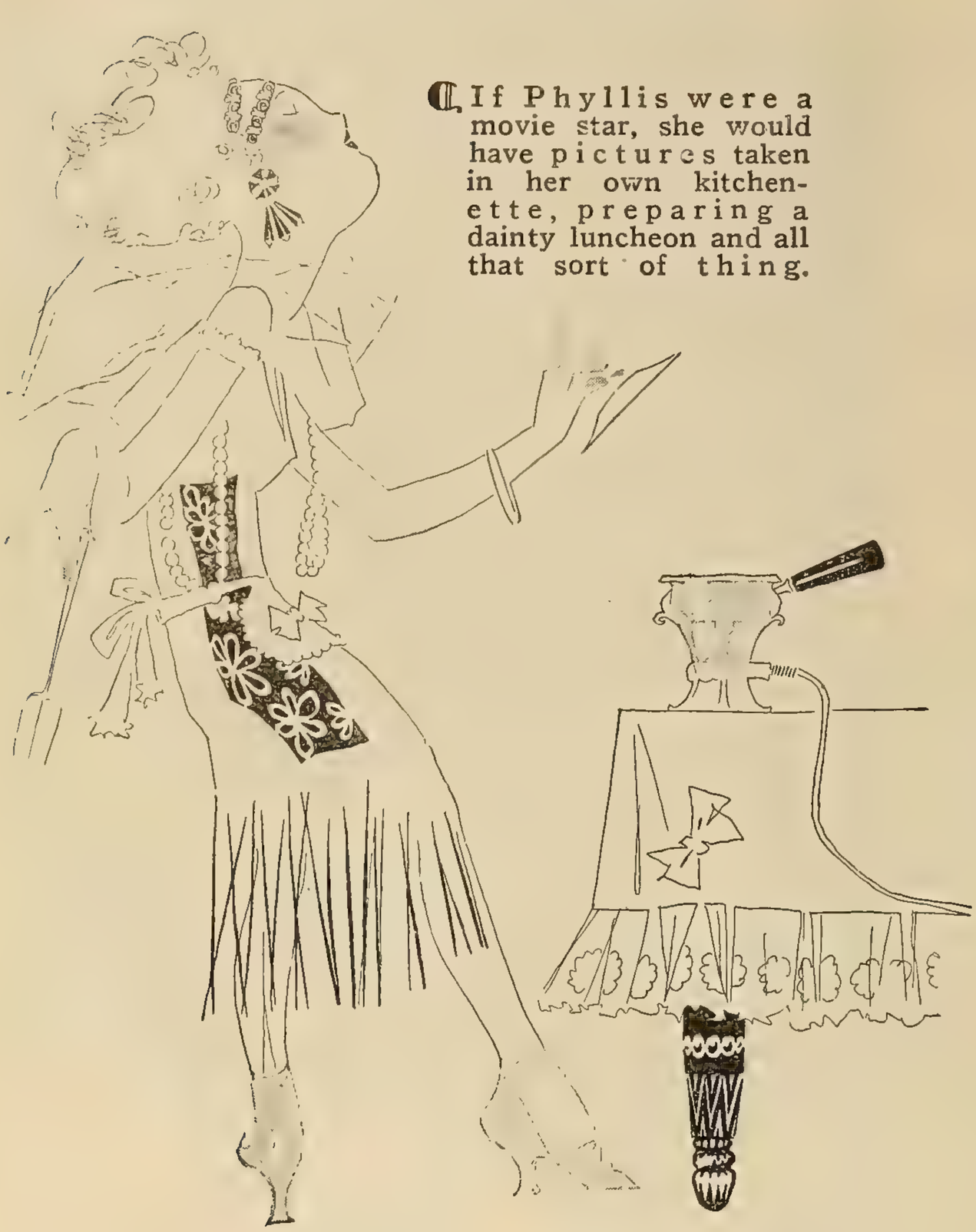
So far, however, we seem to be about the only one who has signed the Declaration of Independence. And, in thus announcing it, of course we have irrevocably burned our bridges behind us. Most of the people who are engaged in furnishing the industry with its motif power are forever kicking but they kick with one hand and write with the other. They never let their right hand know what their left hand doeth.

Probably, if the stories which playwrights and authors sell to motion picture producers to be made into "bigger and better pictures," could speak they would cry, pitifully, "Please, dear, kind master, don't sell me down the river. I've worked for you with all there is in me. My body belongs to you but my soul belongs to God."

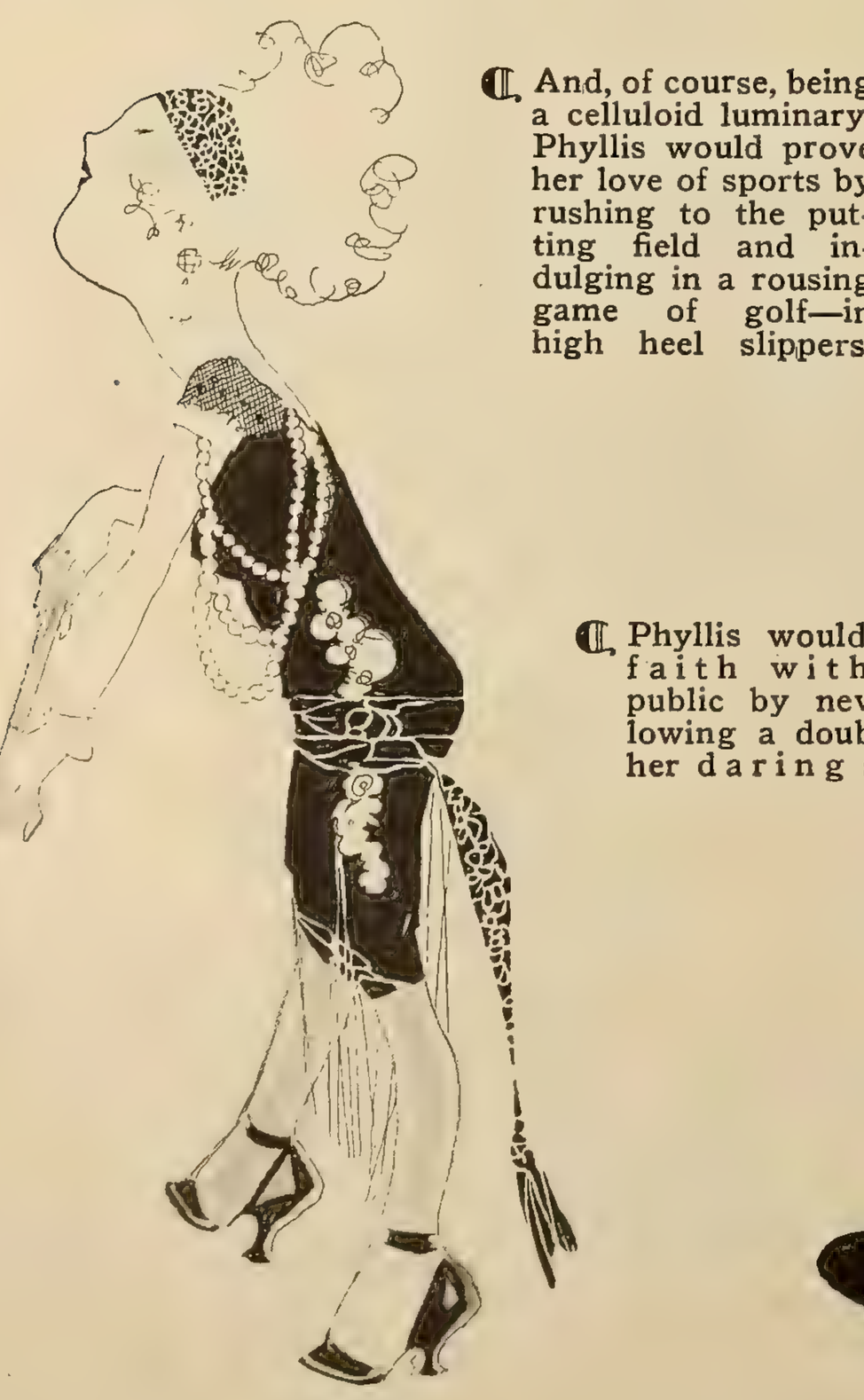
And the Slaughter Goes On

BUT, being inarticulate, the books and plays are sold and the slaughter goes on. A few of their authors have made speeches denouncing the people who have put their stories in gelatine [*Continued on page* 103]

The Adventures of PHYLLIS



¶ If Phyllis were a movie star, she would have pictures taken in her own kitchenette, preparing a dainty luncheon and all that sort of thing.



¶ And, of course, being a celluloid luminary, Phyllis would prove her love of sports by rushing to the putting field and indulging in a rousing game of golf—in high heel slippers.



¶ Phyllis would keep faith with her public by never allowing a double for her daring stunts.

By John Held, Jr.



¶ "And my dear book," says Phyllis. "One simply must improve one's mind as well as body. How I love to browse in my book. I spend my happiest hours with my favorite author."

¶ Phyllis continues: "A good facial clay is essential after the tiring work of the studio. It rests my tired muscles and I heartily recommend Cockoolooloo —as well as all other toilet preparations of the Cockoolooloo Company."



The GIFT for Glory

By Helen Lee

It's simply wonderful how some girls get along. There is no telling who'll be the next to step in the limelight.

As they say out in Hollywood, "Just look at Barbara La Marr!"

Which means that Barbara has landed with both feet, as it were, and, in spite of the fact that there is a loud chorus of "I told you so's," no one really thought that the day would dawn when Barbara would be receiving several thousand of Uncle Sam's best medals in the weekly pay envelope.

It's your own fault if you don't know that Barbara has been to Italy to make scenes for *The Eternal City*. Samuel Goldwyn has been only too eager to tell the world that he shipped George Fitzmaurice, Richard Bennett, Lionel Barrymore, Miss La Marr, maids and valets by first-class passage to the best locations that money can buy.

When in Rome, Barbara did as the Romans do; she cheered the Fasciti. If you don't cheer the Fasciti, you get a dose of castor oil. It's an order from Mussilini.

A Hard Job for the Eternal City

But it would take more than several months in Rome to mellow Barbara. Rome, to her, was a wonderful location trip with a congenial company; a lovely place, with plenty of foreign atmosphere and excitement. The trip was a lark, with lots of amusing incidents. Something like a jaunt

Away from the studio Barbara La Marr is ill at ease. She doesn't know whether to register demureness, worldliness, mystery or temperament.

RUSSELL BALL

¶ *Miss La Marr is a child of the camera —with an odd gypsy intelligence.*

from Hollywood across the border to Mexico. Only considerably more exciting and expensive.

She's an imposing person to meet, is Barbara. A combination of Gloria Swanson, Nazimova, Petrova and Theda Bara. A perfect composite of all the screen vampires. She shifts and slides from pose to pose and then disarms you by being suddenly and completely natural.

"I use to write, too," she tells you, "I began in pictures by writing scenarios. And I write some now. I was terribly in earnest about writing. I would write until I nearly dropped from fatigue—smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee all the time. I was dreadfully poor."



RUSSELL BALL



¶ *"I am not really beautiful," says Barbara, "I have none of the marks of beauty. I am too long-waisted. My nose is too sharp and pointed. My head doesn't fit my body. My eyes are crooked."*

Barbara's Callot Pose

THIS immediately puts you at your ease. You, too, feel dreadfully poor and terribly in earnest.

Shopping in Europe?

"Clothes bore me. I hate to shop. I am not interested in clothes. They make no difference in my life. However, it's lucky I can walk right into anything Callot makes. And then my secretary is exactly my size. If I want anything, she can go to the fittings for me."

Indeed, Barbara is wearing a Callot dress at that very minute. Obviously it makes her nervous. You feel that clothes interfere with her personality; that her hair is apt to tumble down on her shoulders. She is much too restless a person to enjoy being well-groomed.

A Child of the Camera

BARBARA, you reflect, must have looked awfully new and unfinished in Rome. She is one of the newest products of the newest art. She is a child of the camera. And when she is away from the camera she is ill at ease. She doesn't know whether to register demureness, worldliness, mystery or temperament. She rushes from the Ritz, to the studio, to a prize fight, to the photographers, to the theatre.

You mention her adopted son.

"Ah, yes," she tells you, "he is being well taken care of. And I am making plans for his education. I should [*Continued on page* 104]

The BAD TASTE

By Madame Frances



¶ *Virginia Valli wearing elaborate silk stockings for gym exercises—an excellent bad taste exhibit.*

¶ *The real sportswoman never wears a floating scarf such as is affected by Jacqueline Logan.*

¶ *Gladys Walton wearing an over elaborate plumed hat.*



¶ *Barbara La Marr wearing the usual over-excessive vamp attire.*

¶ *Gloria Swanson in a badly over-trimmed afternoon gown which should have had long lines and simplicity.*

¶ *Nita Naldi and the usual excessive vamp garb with enough pearls to frighten any man.*

A WOMAN'S body should be dressed for all occasions even though her back and shoulders are the most beautiful in the world.

Yet not like an exposition building nor an Italian fiesta.

Eve's fig-leaf and Lady Godiva's hair would be bad taste in dress on Fifth Avenue today. But so is the modern screen vampire with twelve rings and a rattle and enough pearly rope to hang the entire Northwest Mounted.

Flesh displayed for its own sake alone is revolting, never alluring. Yet ever since John Bunny was an extra boy, bareback vamping has been a fashion of the films.

A clever hunter never traps the elephant or trails the deer to the accompaniment of a saxophone chorus. Bluebeard never thought of handing any of his wives a bonbon labelled "arsenic." Even Kipling's vampire was only a rag and a bone, topped by a hank of hair. Yet in the movies she is frequently dressed like the Christmas tree which

of our FILM STARS

Nearly every screenplay reveals the over-dressing and atrocious taste of our screen players



Julia Faye shouldn't wear knickerbockers for golfing and shouldn't affect strings to woolen stockings.

Agnes Ayres' negligee combines Salome's seven veils—and shouldn't.

Why should Virginia Valli try to dress like a polar bear? The correct place for fur is on evening wraps.

Gladys Walton again, this time violating the rule that a woman's back should be dressed even if it is the most beautiful in the world.

Leatrice Joy with, enough fur to equip a royal court.

carries everything from the Star of Bethlehem to popcorn. There is no mystery about the fact that she is a man-hunter.

The average masculine human being would prove remarkably fleet of foot if he met her in real life. At least the type of man the vampire wants to get.

How the Deadly Siren Looks

In reality the deadliest siren is the perfectly dressed woman whom a man can take home and introduce to his wife without exciting suspicion.

Barbara La Marr as she will appear in *The Eternal City* is my idea of the vampire who dresses her body correctly. She will wear a lady's clothes. Her costumes will be black but they will not be decorated with everything under the sun. The most fastidious man might invite her home to dinner. And his wife could not say "Where did you get her?"

But the vampire is not the only woman on the screen who wears the wrong clothes or allows her clothes to wear the woman.

Not long ago I saw a screen actress playing golf in the sheerest of batiste frocks without a petticoat. There was nothing under it in fact but the silhouette. And that was very unlovely. Another star in a recent production played eighteen holes in knickerbockers.

I cannot begin to count the film golfers who have started for the links with ribbons, sashes or a scarf floating in the breeze.

Golf and Flying Ribbons

Golf is a game of concentration. A true sportswoman never has anything flying in her face when she is trying to send off a golf ball.

The correct costume has a narrow skirt, neither reaching to the ankles nor climbing to the knees. If the golfer has very slim ankles the hem may be nine or ten inches from the ground. The very short skirt, however, was never designed for the woman with fat calves.

Sweaters may be worn if one likes them.

A one-piece dress with collars and cuffs of the sheerest

handkerchief linen, hand-hemstitched, is an ideal golfing costume. So is the severely tailored suit, worn with the plainest of shirtwaists.

With any of these a small, chic sport hat must be worn. It should be trimmed only with a narrow ribbon or a bit of crepe de Chine folded into a band.

Ear-rings on Horseback

It is easier to go astray on horseback than on the links. One screen star rode into a picture not long ago with ear-rings and riding boots. Some combine khaki trousers, tweed coats, fancy shirts and loud ties for riding. That sort of woman wants to attract attention, but not for her good taste.

The absolutely correct riding suit is worn by Gale Kane in Mary Roberts Rinehart's play, *The Breaking Point.* It is of oxidized gray cloth. With it she wears a soft gray shirt, a felt hat of the same shade and a dark tie. Everything harmonizes.

Many film actresses wear elaborate garden party hats with the plainest of sweaters. I can imagine such a woman choosing a chintz gown designed to look well at Southampton at nine o'clock in the morning for an elaborate dinner party at Marguery's.

Wrong Sort of Sport Costume

Sport costumes which combine flat-heeled shoes, accordion-pleated skirts and elaborately plumed hats are always wrong. Long white kid gloves should never be worn with tennis shoes. Only one ornament may be worn with any sport costume—the wedding ring. And that only for sentiment's sake. High heels, lace collars and furs are always bad taste for sport wear.

Too many screen stars overlook the importance of dressing the part. A timid ingenue who would be picturesque in Victorian styles is grotesque in the dashing shawls of the Spanish beauty.

Alice Joyce always dresses her roles to the last detail of what a smart woman ought to wear. In *The Green Goddess,* she has, I believe, only four costumes, but each is perfect. Miss Joyce never wears a sport outfit when she should be clothed in the clinging robes of a goddess. Most of her frocks are costly. But when she plays the part of a poor girl she is authentic down to the last bone button of her machine-made blouse.

Alice Joyce Dresses Properly

Miss Joyce starred in the first version of *Within the Law.* The heroine was accused of theft. And she dressed as a shop girl, who lived on a modest salary would, in a simple navy blue tailored suit with a plain blouse and unpretentious hat.

There are many stars, however, who could not have resisted the temptation to wear three hundred dollars' worth of furs with that suit even when playing a girl wrongfully accused of theft. Any discriminating person in the audience would have looked just once. Then they would have said:

"Why of course she must be a thief. Look at the furs. She never bought those with her salary."

And then no doubt they would have walked out of the theatre. An otherwise good picture would have been spoiled.

Elsie Ferguson Uses Good Taste

Elsie Ferguson is never badly dressed. I do not believe Miss Ferguson could make a mistake in clothes. She is essentially the aristocrat. Yet when her role is that of a poor, driven girl, as it was in *The Outcast,* she dresses consistently without diamonds or sables.

Although Mary Pickford has never played parts calling for a great display of clothes she is always well-dressed. Usually she is the sweet young girl. Her clothes suit her. But when she needs the gown of a smart woman, as she did in *Stella Maris,* she wears them well.

Corinne Griffith owes much of her screen success to the fastidious care with which she has chosen her clothes. Lillian Gish looks best perhaps in period costumes. But those she wears are correct for the time she portrays. When she goes to Italy for the filming of *Romola* she will carry with her a wardrobe so perfect that photographs of her gowns will be preserved in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Good taste is invariably the keynote of Billie Burke's clothes. She prefers dainty coloring and elegant simplicity of line. And she never wears boudoir caps with her tea gowns.

¶ Are women of the screen well-dressed?

¶ The vampire builds a reputation on the gorgeousness of her negligees and pajamas, the length of her ropes of pearls and the number of her bracelets and headdresses.

¶ Young girls are clothed like sophisticated women.

¶ Shop girls don sables.

¶ The horsewoman blazes with diamonds.

¶ Evening furs cover morning blouses.

¶ Golfing girls combine flat heels and plumed hats.

¶ Primitive heroines carry parasols. Is this good taste? Should rubbers be worn with tiaras?

¶ Madame Frances, an authority on the well-dressed woman, answers the question for Screenland.

The Right Sort of Negligees.

Thousands of film dollars have been spent on negligees. One star appears in a boudoir gown with draperies which outnumber Salome's seven veils and enough ermine to make the King of England a coronation robe. Her most dangerous rival doubles the amount of chiffon and triples the quantity of fur when ordering something similar for her next picture. Her successor adds to the gorgeousness of that.

And so the film negligee has progressed until it paupers the gown worn at a court ball.

The smart woman of Newport or London whom the film star is trying to portray would never dream of wearing these elaborate negligees. Nor would she appear in a boudoir robe when she should wear a tea gown as so many screen actresses do.

A boudoir robe is the most intimate in the feminine wardrobe. Women of refinement allow their maids or dear woman friends to see them wearing it. They never receive their husbands or other men when so clothed—except in motion pictures.

A correct boudoir gown is of pink chiffon velvet with long narrow sleeves. It is lined with palest blue and trimmed with a narrow band of kolinsky. Under it is worn a lace slip over satin.

On the other hand a tea gown may be suitable even for an informal dinner party at home. One of this season's

loveliest models is of rose-colored chiffon with silver tissue brocade over meteor. It is without trimming, yet the lines and draperies are so exquisite that it gives an appearance of distinction.

Many of the screen flappers are very badly dressed. Mary Miles Minter, for instance, thinks she knows clothes. But she doesn't. She has a baby face. And when she plays sophisticated roles she still dresses for the nursery.

The young girl is always hard to dress in society or on the screen. Invariably she wants to look like a mature woman. It does not suit her. Ingenues should never wear heavy clothes. The tailored suit is correct for morning wear. For the afternoon charmeuse or some other soft fabric should be chosen. And for evening wear chiffon on simple lines. Elaborate ruffles are out of place.

Mabel Normand is the smart young girl type. So are Constance Talmadge and Corinne Griffith.

Romantic Garb and Modern Pumps

NEVER allow yourself to be burned at a fifteenth century stake while wearing black satin pumps of the latest model. You will deserve the flames if you do. And do not trip down to the beach in high-heeled patent leathers.

Shoes and stockings are most important accessories. If I could afford only a twenty-nine dollar street dress I would have stockings of the sheerest silk and beautiful shoes.

With black gowns nothing but black shoes should ever be worn. Patent leather and suede are correct for the street. Brown suede are very good with costumes other than black. The nude or flesh-colored stocking may be worn either during the day or in the evening. It is always smart. The woman of good taste who cannot afford the most expensive stocking will get the nearest thing to it permitted by her purse.

Stockingless Fad Is Bad Taste

THE stockingless fad was recently introduced to New York by Nita Naldi. Nothing is uglier than a woman's leg without stockings, either on the beach or on city streets. Even the most beautiful woman in the world must not dare to expose bare ankles. They should always be covered with the thinnest and loveliest of stockings.

Some women prefer wool hosiery for sport wear. But even when golfing or playing tennis a fine lisle stocking is more suitable.

Silver slippers with nude stockings are correct for [*Continued on page 94*]



¶ *Madame Frances is one of New York's best known authorities upon fashions. Consequently her comments upon the screen modes carry unusual significance.*

MADAME FRANCES' FOURTEEN
Fashion Commandments

¶ Don't wear ear-rings with riding boots.

¶ Don't play golf in knickerbockers or a batiste costume which has nothing under it but the silhouette.

¶ Don't have anything flying in your face when you are trying to send off a golf ball. Golf is a game of concentration.

¶ Don't throw an ermine wrap over a tennis outfit.

¶ If you are burning at the stake in a fifteenth century production don't wear 1923 black satin pumps.

¶ After all is lost in a film shipwreck do not appear in mid-ocean in a perfectly fitting sailor suit.

¶ Don't wear garden party hats and long white kid gloves with a sweater.

¶ Never appear without stockings even on the bathing beach. Bare ankles are always ugly.

¶ Don't wear boudoir caps with your tea gowns.

¶ A woman's body should be dressed for all occasions even though her back and shoulders are the most beautiful in the world.

¶ Most men would run away from the screen-dressed vampire if they met her in real life. The dangerous siren is the one he can take home and introduce to his wife.

¶ Don't wear three hundred dollars' worth of sables when playing a shop-girl accused of theft. The audience would know you didn't live on your salary.

¶ A wedding ring is the only ornament which may be worn with sport clothes, on the screen or off.

¶ Diamond bar pins may be long enough to span the Hudson and still not bridge the distance between good and bad taste in dress.

Introducing
Some Unimportant *People*

By Anna Prophater

In playing around film circles
You meet a lot of unimportant people.

There is, for instance,
The newest feminine star from Hollywood.
She never has been to New York before
And, my dear, she is dreadfully excited.
She lives at the Ritz and she hands
The management a great laugh.
Her telephone calls are so important.
Positively, she can't walk down Fifth Avenue, my dear,
Without being recognized by everyone.
Isn't that funny?
You bet it is.
She buys her clothes at the most expensive shops
And tells you all about it.
The saleswomen see her coming, add her up for a sucker
And tack a hundred dollars onto the price.
The press agent gives her a luncheon at the Biltmore
And tells her to eat with her fork,
Which is too ridiculous because she comes
From a fine old Southern family.
But she is going right back to Hollywood,
Much as she enjoys the theatres and operas,
Because, after all, she is nothing but a simple home-girl.
Simple is right.

And there is the scenario writer
Who is always on his way to an important conference.
Every scene he writes is a knock-out
And if the director doesn't like it,
Well, he knows where he can get off at.
Some day scenario writing will be recognized as an Art
And then the scenario writer will get his due.
And it's high time.
He has sold some of the best situations
That Sardou ever wrote.
He gets big prices for his stuff,
And can you stake him to ten dollars?
If he didn't know how to play poker
He'd starve to death in two weeks.
Which wouldn't be a calamity.

There is the debutante who wants to break in pictures.
She is a riot in the Junior League shows
And played the Spirit of Mockery
At the Greenwich Bazaar for Disabled Traffic Cops.
She has had her pictures in all the Sunday papers
And her friends tell her she would go great
In the movies.
She feels that she has more dramatic ability
Than anyone on the screen.
Which isn't saying much.
She studied aesthetic dancing
Until she was mercifully seized
With tonsillitis.

She has longed to act
Ever since she was a little, bitta, wee girl.
So, will you please give her a letter
To one of those dear, quaint movie men?
Honestly, society may kid her all it likes
But she knows the public will understand.
Isn't it terrible?
No one will take a rich girl seriously.
Yes, isn't it?

And there is the star
Who will see you for an interview
If you promise not to print a
Word he says.
He just wants to talk things over
With a sympathetic person.
Honestly, you might think that
His company would appreciate.
Honestly, now, wouldn't you?
But he'd rather be a bricklayer
Than only a bird in a gilded cage
At $2,000 a week.
Honestly, now, isn't it a shame?
The way he only gets the worst stories
And the worst directors
And the worst casts and the worst settings.

Honestly, now, isn't it a crime?
The exhibitor knows that he
Is the best friend the box office ever had
But, honestly, now, the way
He's treated at the home office
You'd think he was somebody's
First wife's mother.
And, as he sits there
And cries into his soup
And tells you how unhappy he can be
On $2,000 a week.

Your whole heart goes out
To those poor producers
Who would gladly muss up
His $2,000 a week face
If it wasn't against the law,
"Don't print what I say,"
He tells you,
"But if you'll just let it slip
That my artistic destinies
Are being stifled
By old commercialism
I'll be your friend for life."
Friend for life!
Heaven forbid!



EVELYN BRENT
By Henry Waxman



GLENN
HUNTER

Russell Ball

LUCILLE
RICKSEN





POLA NEGRI

BETTY *in* Berlin



ABBL



¶ *Betty Blythe is returning from London, having completed two spectacular productions,* Chu Chin Chow *and* Spanish Jade, *under the direction of Graham Wilcox. Both of these screenplays were made largely in Berlin and Vienna.* Chu Chin Chow *has opened a run in London and both of the films will come to America shortly. We're looking forward to them. They seem to present a new Betty*

ABBE



¶ *"I'm a straight thinkin', clean living' cuss," says Dick O'Dare. "All that I am all that I do, I owe to that little woman, my wife."*

How they ACHIEVED

By Delight Evans

Drawings by Wynn

After all, success is the big idea these days. You are always reading little stories about how so-and-so achieved, and achieved, and achieved—how, when, and why. Too little has been remarked about the phenomenal success of our screen lights and SCREENLAND, just to be different, has decided to unearth some of these little success stories to pass on to the palpitating public.

Come, dears, gather round; listen attentively, and perhaps, one day, who knows, YOU will achieve also. Let us take these stories one by one—representative tales of struggle, written, we hope, in the best family manner—nothing to annoy, offend, or even amuse the little ones.

Gladys Golightly, star of Twinkle Productions says:

When asked to tell my unknown friends out here in the audience to what I attribute my success, my eyes grow dim and a lump rises in my white throat. It is to my dear, dear mother that I owe what little success I have achieved. I was only a wee slip of a girl—that is, even a wee-er slip of a girl than I am now—when my mother decided I was to go into the movies. Father had been away for some time, and it was up to mother to keep things together in the old home—for we are southern you know.

My brave little mother—that frail, indomitable woman who swept literally all before her! She determined in her quiet way, that I should work for no other director than Archibald Gluck. With this end in view, we presented ourselves at his office. Several people told us he wasn't in, but mother, with her uncanny woman's intuition, said cheerily, "We'll see whether he is or not," and playfully striking down several office boys with the umbrella she always carried, proceeded into the office marked Private.

There sat Gluck himself. It has often been said that after one look at me, he decided to make me his future star. All that I know is that mother made her way to his desk and picking up a paper knife said in low tones, "My little girl is here to work for you." Mr. Gluck's hand cautiously made



¶ *"We'll see whether he is in or not," said Mama Golightly, playfully striking down several office boys with the umbrella she always carried.*

¶ *Miss Evans satirizes the stories of our screen stars' success*



¶ *"I want the world, that is to say, my fans, to know that every picture which leaves my studios is autographed personally by me," says Sylvester Simplex. "It is a sacred duty."*

its way towards one of the buttons on his desk. Mother, at the same time, picked up a heavy bronze statue. Mr. Gluck, never a very strong man, fainted. When, later, he recovered, the contract making me his leading woman for the next five years at an increasing salary was all drawn up and was lying on his desk all ready for his signature.

It is such thoughtfulness as this that has made mother the most famous of all "Movie Mamas." There isn't a producer in pictures today who will not pay tribute to her great sagacity, her strength of character, and her unerring aim.



¶ *"Little girl, I don't know your name," said the director who discovered Lydia Lukewarm, "But I have been looking for you for years and years."*

A Talk about Lydia Lukewarm

LYDIA LUKEWARM, the intrepid serial heroine, is courage itself before the camera, but when confronted with pen and ink is somewhat at a loss. That is why we will let her girlhood chum write for her:

You ask me to tell you something about Lyd. Well, it's been nearly twenty years since she left town with the circus, and I remember at the time I was so young that Papa and Mama didn't like to talk about her in my presence. But I have hunted up a great-aunt of mine who used to go to school with her, and she has told me all she can, which is enough, heavens knows.

It seems that Lukewarm is her real name—at least Lukewarm was the name her father took, among other things. Theirs was the first family in town—as you come in. Lyd was the favorite of her parents—she was always trying to run away with a circus. No matter how many times the circuses sent her home, she was not discouraged; she always ran away again. It was her will power that made her what she is today. You may know what that is; I don't. For five years she persevered. By the time the circus finally decided it might as well let her join up she was a little heavy for the trapeze work, so they let her pose in the living statues act.

After this her family cast her off. Lydia learned one pose—it was the top statue in a group called "The Coming of Spring." One night while the group was posing a movie director was there. She would. The director went up to her afterwards and said—this speech has been quoted in all Lyd's interviews since—"Little girl, I don't know your name; but I have been looking for you for years and years. Anyone who is so insensible to danger is [*Continued on page* 95]

New SCREENPLAYS

A SCREEN month with genuine surprises! Distressing as it is to relate, it found Mary Pickford floundering under the expert direction of Ernst Lubitsch.

And it revealed Gloria Swanson, who hasn't been doing so much lately, as hitting an amazing Polaesque abandon in Zaza.

First, however, let us consider Miss Pickford's *Rosita.*

This comes mighty near being a perfect photoplay. You will go many, many months before you will see a screen drama told so dexterously.

And yet . . . Such is the pain of being a critic. No one has ever endeared themselves to me as Miss Pickford and yet I must honestly admit her performance to be inadequate.

Rosita: An Almost Perfect Film

THE story itself doesn't stand real analysis. Said to be based upon *Don Caesar de Bazan,* it was adapted to Miss Pickford's uses by Edward Knoblock. At basis it is the romance of the king of Spain and a little street singer of Seville. The monarch is a charming rogue—a happy-go-lucky player with life. In other words, a Castillian Louis XIV. The street idol of the streets is never anything but Pollyanna with all the old Pickford tricks, although the curls have been put aside. The role of Rosita shrieks for the Pola Negri of old. So the story of the royal, amorous adventurer and little Pollyanna never quite rings true.

¶ *The Month's* Best *Screenplays*

¶ *Zaza*
¶ *Ruggles of Red Gap*
¶ *Why Worry*
¶ *Rosita*

Lubitsch handles this with all his old skill, plus a new finesse coming only of a close study of our methods. I have never seen such workmanlike placing of the camera with such superb screen angles, such adroit cutting, such lighting or such a finely maintained atmosphere.

Holbrook Blinn's Hit

IN brief, *Rosita* comes, as I have said, very close to being a perfect picture. It falls down in its acting. Yet there is one sweeping performance to redeem things. Holbrook Blinn runs away with the picture as the naughty king—a roystering monarch fit to go in Emil Jannings' supurb gallery of roguish royalty. Here is a corking performance. Excellent, too, is Irene Rich's playing of the queen. The scenes between Mr. Blinn and Miss Rich are admirable, rife with subtlety and understanding. You will love them.

George Walsh is Rosita's lover but I view his performance as pretty poor. However, Lubitsch comes nearer to making him act than any one has ever done before. Which proves his directorial greatness. *Rosita* has many admirable mob moments. You will remember those splendid surging throngs of Lubitsch's German films. We have often heard since of the excellence of the Germanic mob. Lubitsch seems to have found one of them right in Hollywood—which would lead me to think that it is all a matter of the director after all.

Possibly your love for Miss Pickford will color your viewpoint and make you think that *Rosita* really presents her as a grown up and developing star. Most of the New York critics thought so, anyway. Maybe I'm wrong—but I see Mary here as giving a very immature performance. We shall watch Pola's next picture, *The Spanish Dancer,* also adapted from *Don Caesar de Bazan,* with interest. A year or so ago Pola would have burned up the screen in this part but now. . . .

We shall see.



¶ *Lon Chaney has an actor's holiday as Quasimodo in The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

in REVIEW

By Frederick James Smith

Illustrated by Wynn

Anyway, Pola had better look to her laurels. One or two more smashing performances such as *Zaza,* and Gloria Swanson will have supplanted her.

Gloria's Smashing Zaza

HERE again I disagree with most of the New York critics, who declared almost unanimously that Gloria overacted. Unfortunately that is just what I liked about the performance. So few of our film stars have the courage to toss restraint to the seven winds.

Zaza is an old tear inducer. It has been played by everyone from Mrs. Leslie Carter to Duse. The present film version very neatly skates over a situation which would seriously disturb Will Hays' sleep, for, in brief, it concerns the love affair of a girl of the Paris theatre and a young married diplomat. Another *Camille,* if you will, with its lyric period of stolen love in a cottage and all that sort of thing. And, of course, the lacrimal inducing situation of the distraught courtesan calling at the lover's house and being won over by his child's guileless prattle.

A Highly Keyed Performance

I HONESTLY expected to find *Zaza* creaking in every hinge. It doesn't, largely due to three people. The scenarist, Albert Le Vino, who skates so skillfully over the thin ice, Director Allan Dwan, who returns to form with a very finely conceived production, and, most of all, Gloria herself. Does she overplay? Here and there, yes. What of it? I'm sick unto death of our ultra-refined stars who decline to move a single plucked eyebrow. Gloria moves 'em. Indeed, she moves everything. She acts, here, there and every place. It's a nervous, highly keyed and extremely sensitive performance.

I'm frank in saying I liked it. Further than that, I'll say she has several mighty fine moments. Her farewell to Bernard is as fine a cinematic interlude as anything I have glimpsed in a long time.

Zaza has color and picturesqueness — and emotional appeal. I am willing to bet anything you will like it. But I think you will find H. B. Warner's Bernard Dufrene to be pretty weak stuff. What a role for our own Rudy!

I went to see James Cruze's revival of *Ruggles of Red Gap,* based upon Harry Leon Wilson's delightfully amusing story, with a deal of anticipation. With *The Covered Wagon* and *Hollywood* as immediate predecessors, this opus challenged attention.

Another James Cruze Hit

THIS delicious tale of Cousin Egbert, carefree citizen of Red Gap, who is dragged to Paris to acquire culture, forced to adopt the perfect valet, Ruggles, and then returned to the Western ranch town to set a new social pace, is a joy. Here it is very badly adapted to the screen. Towards the end, it drags seriously. And it is full of gaps and time jumps. But, for all that, it is well played and skillfully directed—a bright comedy idea touched with sly Cruze humor en route to the screen. There has been nothing funnier than Cousin Egbert and the perfect Ruggles' alcoholic expedition about Paris since the scout and the old trader got together in *The Covered Wagon.*

Ernest Torrence, who, of course, was the guide of that Western epic, is the Cousin Egbert, who can be "driven so fur and no further." Torrence's performance is a gem. Edward Horton, a comparitive newcomer, is the meek Rug-



¶ *Mary Pickford's Rosita is immature, just another Pollyanna minus the familiar curls.*

¶ *The Month's* Best *Performances*

¶ *Holbrook Blinn in Rosita*

¶ *Gloria Swanson in Zaza*

¶ *Ernest Torrence in Ruggles*

gles who finds himself in Red Gap. He, too, is excellent. And the Hon. George is very well done by Frank Elliott.

I think you will find *Ruggles of Red Gap* to be highly amusing. Anyway, it served to clinch my faith in Cruze. I am now ready to add him to my list of the six best directors.

Another new film effort I am sure you will enjoy is Harold Lloyd's *Why Worry.*

Harold Lloyd's New Comedy

Why Worry is distinctly of the slapstick farce school—and is a little bit messier than any Lloyd comedy recently. Harold, praise be, doesn't hesitate to hurl a tomato upon occasion. Which is as it should be. Our screen is too darn refined. Oh, for the happy days when Mack Sennett's bathing beauties used to slide downstairs in bathtubs!

The story is infinitesimal. Something or other about a young chap who fancies himself an invalid and who goes to a South American republic for rest and seclusion. Unfortunately, he selects the exact moment of the current revolution.

Why Worry has a number of adroitly worked out comedy bits. And the use of the giant, John Aason, as a gargantuan native who adopts Harold unto himself was a stroke of genius. Here is a remarkable character, for Colosso wrecks the revolution with a section of stove pipe, tobacco smoke and some well directed oranges.

Lloyd is pretty much as usual in *Why Worry.* Which means he gives a carefully conceived comic performance. And there is a pretty new leading woman, Jobyna Ralston, who has flashes of looking like Bebe Daniels in old Pathe days. But it is the massive Mr. Aason, as the gigantically childish Man Friday, who is the real first aid of what might have been nothing but a rather aged comedy idea.

The Hunchback Is Gory

For the life of us, me, I can't see why Universal selected Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* for film purposes. It was a gory, howbeit masterly, tale of a cold, hard and cruel age. Carl Laemmle has seen fit to delete much of this gore—but there is enough left to torture the average audience. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is far from cheery film fare.

Still, Mr. Laemmle, whose portrait graced the New York program along with that of Monsieur Hugo, saw fit to spend a lot of money on the visualization. Far be it from me to guess how much. Anyway, he utilized thousands of extras and built the first floor of the famous cathedral, getting the rest with trick photography. (And I'll admit frankly, darned clever camera work.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame, however, didn't bore us because of any of the things I have enumerated. It is poorly directed, by Wallace Worsley, and its characters never live for a moment. They are just actors going through elaborate pantomime.

Let me consider Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, the distorted hunchback of Hugo's imagination. Right here let me say that I don't think Chaney is a good actor. No matter how many letters you write about this, I'm going to stick to my story. He's a good contortionist but a poor actor.

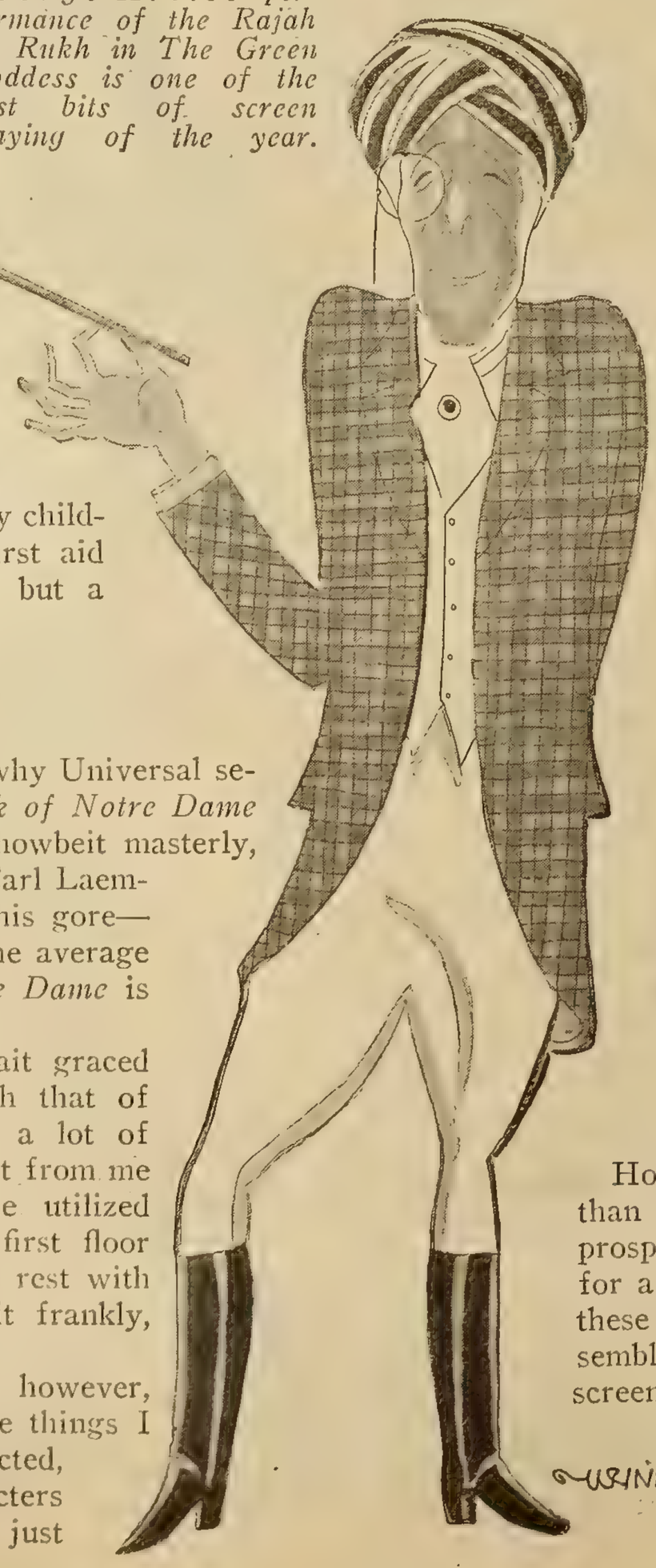
Chaney wears a queer rubber contrivance over his shoulders and arms to accentuate his physical distortions. And a fearful facial make-up tops it off. Through many scenes Quasimodo leers, glares and spits right at the camera but, to me, he is never anything but Lon Chaney on an actor's holiday right in front of the lens.

To me this isn't the real Quasimodo. And certainly the childish Hollywood flapper of Patsy Ruth Miller isn't the Esmeralda that Hugo drew word upon word. Ernest Torrence as the king of the underworld, Clopin, is more in the picture than any of the big cast.

Mr. Laemmle has seen fit to adapt a happy ending to *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Just now it has one of those novel fade-out clinches in a garden. Still, there is blood brutality enough, at that. The lashing of the Quasimodo annoyed me enough.

I don't pretend to know much about the period of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* in and about the cheery year of 1482. But it seems to me to have young nobles strolling about massive castle interiors in full armor and calling upon their ladys faire without removing their helmets is going a bit far. Now isn't it? I leave it to you. And I'm not one to draw a fine line, either.

¶ *George Arliss' performance of the Rajah of Rukh in The Green Goddess is one of the best bits of screen playing of the year.*



Presenting New York's Roaring '40s

I can't tell exactly what happened to Avery Hopwood's tale of New York's roaring '40s, *The Gold Diggers,* between the footlights and screen, but something dreadful occurred somewhere. The stage piece has at least a measure of sparkle but the film doesn't effervesce a bit.

The Gold Diggers is sophisticated stuff. As the family motion picture periodicals would say, it isn't for the whole family. No, no!

Mr. Hopwood would have us believe that the merry ladies of the chorus merely go gold digging to keep their hand in. At heart, they're nice gels. One of them loves the rich Stephen Lee's nephew and, when he refuses his consent to a marriage, the whole crowd of gold diggers starts out to bring Mr. Lee to terms. Of course, he collapses before the combined attack—and himself weds the chief diggerine. As I said before, I suggest you keep little Rollo away from the Bijou the night this plays your town.

Hope Hampton shows to better advantage than ever before as Jerry La Mar, chief gold prospector. Louise Fazenda dents the screen for a real hit as a jazzy chorine. Funny how these ex-Mack Sennetters knock a dramatic ensemble into a cocked hat when they invade the screen. And Alec Francis is good as Mr. Lee's elderly attorney, a gentleman with sportive tendencies if you must know. [*Continued on page* 100]



MAURICE GOLDBERG

ZAZA

Idol of the Paris music halls, as Gloria Swanson re-creates her for the screen

¶ *The world is changing. Gone is the day when Maw bought her what-not with soap wrappers*

SOCIETY *as the* Screen *Sees It*

By H. B. K. W*illis*

A day has dawned! Gone is the era when folks thought that the what-not Maw got with soap-wrappers was swell. We know how society lives—having the film drama with us.

Consider the dress suit stuff of our silent screen. Every time Cecil stalks out on a set he seems to be looking for some social custom to de Millish. His idea of a reigning society belle is a bull-eyed dame full of Laskytude.

Vanity Fair would not be the magazine it is today if Cecil were New York's arbiter of elegance. His society drammers are just take-offs. The smartest belles of the smartest set, not even Deauville excluded, would not cavort as I have seen some of his leading ladies do. Cecil wants bare facts. Even beauty spots perturb him. That's where he beats Deauville.

As Herb Howe once wrote, de Mille undresses everything on the set except the telephone.

I, for one, cannot get de Mille's angle. He's the guy that put the "cog" in cognoscenti in filmdom. His own parlor tricks have been passed by such demanding dowagers as Mrs. Craig Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles, I'll have you know, and she has said, frankly, Cecil was the cull for culture. Of course the fact that Craig Biddle, Jr., her upstanding elder son, who left Princeton in his sophomore year, is now in the movies, a good, strong boy trying to get along,—did not cause Mrs. Biddle to strew any verbal tributes for de Millesian social triumphs.

Since her arrival some months ago in Hollywood Mrs. Biddle has been entertained chiefly by Cecil de Mille and his brother, William. Her son, Craig, Jr., and George Drexel, have done considerable buzzing about Agnes and Cecilia, daughters of William and Cecil, respectively.

Hence gossiping gadflies registered a distinct shock when it was bruited about that Mrs. Biddle had said before the armchair army of shock-troops of the Hollywood Hotel, that she would be extremely glad to be back in dear old Philadelphia again, far from the motion picture people.

As the result of such a dictum being attributed to the haughty social lioness, she, Mrs. Biddle, with her own fell quill, told the world that the de Milles were the well-known hot-dogs in the cinema's roll of the socially accomplished.

Can it be that the society drammers we all have seen have felt the dictatorship of the coat-and-pants dynasty? Do the exhibitors, many of whom before the rise of the cinema thought all collars were made of rubber—do they make men with names as directors grind out deliberate, if amusing, contradictions of things of the haute monde as they really are?

Do they demand that Miss Millie Moneybags, played by Lotta Cheek, returning from a theatre party, must always drag an ermine cloak, worth four or five grand, upstairs to her boudoir from the front door, by the scruff of the neck?

Do the exhibitors insist that the ladies of their cinematic manors shall not be on speaking terms with their servants?

Do the box-office behemoths sweat blood if the sets, used in the sassiety drammers they buy, have not a number of silken bell-ropes for members of the cast to pull upon when summoning Jeems and another bottle of that old Madeira.

¶ *Cuties who drag their ermine cloaks up marble stairways*

¶ *Cinema flappers too up-stage to speak to their servants*

¶ *Society folks who use silken bell-ropes*

¶ *Gay parties in which flicker cuties are served on the half shell*

¶ *Smart proposals in well barbered gardens, cut around the neck*

¶ *Swimming pools full of water and sub-debs*

AND

¶ *Plumbers' convention bath rooms*

¶ *May the Gods of the Cinema deliver us*

Must every gay dinner party in flicker society have some broad served in much less than the half-shell in order to give the show-houseowners a kick?

Do the exhibitors believe that folk with a Blue Booking never bathe unless they can find a bathroom with a fishpond and a fountain instead of the treacherous tub society uses every morning instead of on each Saturday night as is the way of the Great Unwashed?

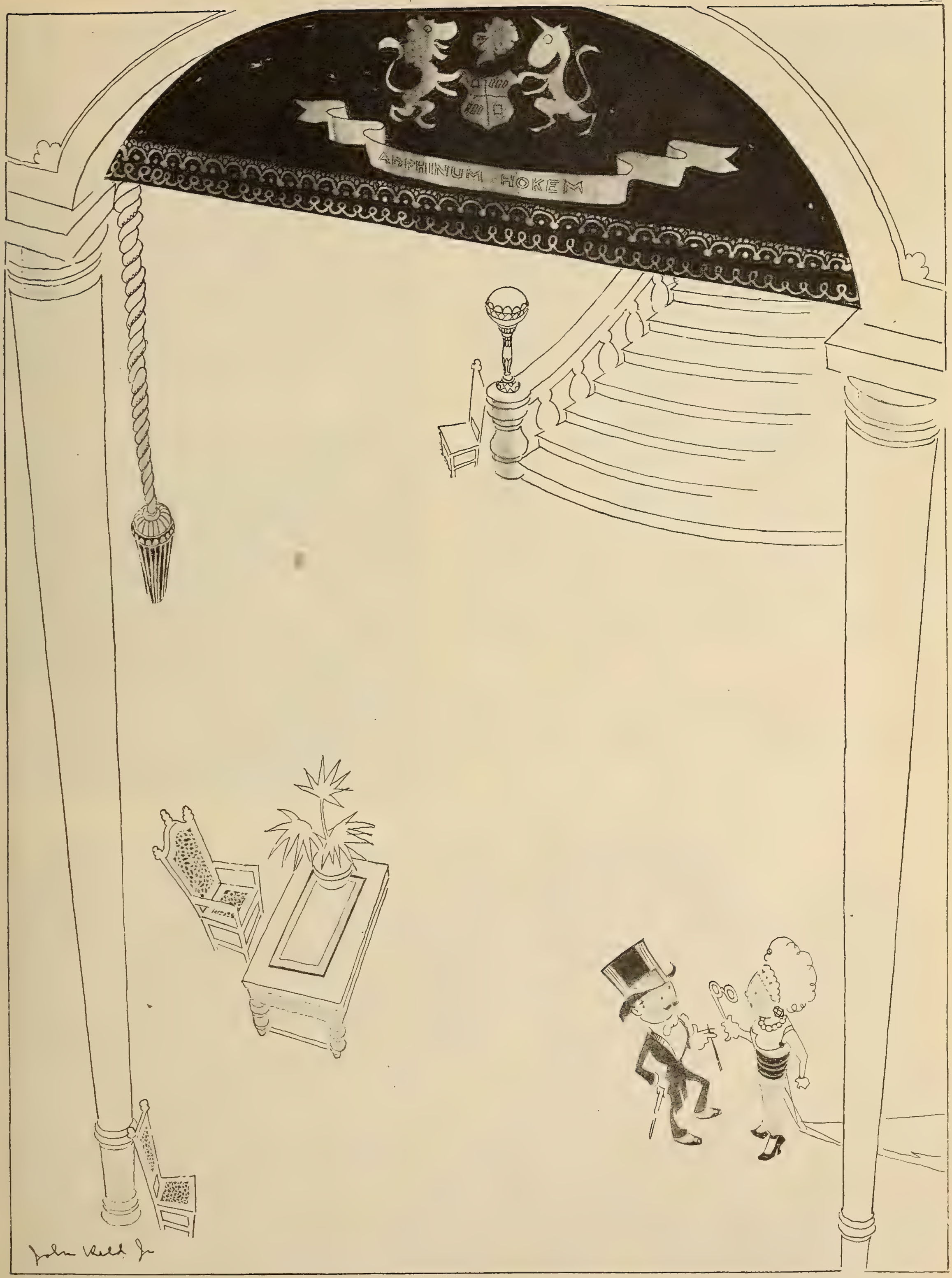
Are the ticket tyrants responsible for Archibald Neversweat's never-failing proposal to Gwendolyn Kale in a well-barbered garden, cut round in the back, and must Archie always stutter the troublous proposition while kneeling on a gravel path before Gwennie sitting on a bench of art-stone?

Do the dollar drovers demand lacquered silver services for lunch and liquored oolong-bibbers for afternoon tea?

All of these and many more?

Before pulling out the stops to the full let me tell my reading public, (my wife), that although my name is not in "Who's Who," due to circumstances beyond my control, and although I sometimes dine in dishabille, (another name for a plate of corned willie), and often without a tuxedo, I am fairly conversant with the habits and manners of the upper-crust. In fact I have often trod the glassy floors of the rich with impunity and without my calked shoes. All of which ought to qualify me as an expert.

Also in justice to the Zukorious film factories allow me to add that other makers of punch-press dramas, dealing with the lives and habitats of the socially elite, miss the mark as widely as do the Para- [*Continued on page* 97]



By John Held, Jr.

Any American home as seen by a motion picture director

Flo Ziegfeld Picks 'Em

¶ Screenland put the problem of selecting the prettiest ankles in the world of celluloidia up to Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and his manager, Samuel F. Kingston. ¶ After due consideration they awarded first prize to Betty Compson, with Julia Faye as the piquant runner-up.



¶ *The second prize ankles of Julia Faye, known as "the legs of the Lasky lot" because her pedal extremities have been photographed as those of every star in the studios. Here Miss Faye is wearing the newest in Parisian hosiery, the "one thread stocking," and the new French ermine garters. Circle, the ankle of Aileen Pringle; at the right is Carmel Myers' contribution to the contest; and, below of course, may be glimpsed Gloria's famous ankles.*







Just above appear the ankles of Helene Chadwick. Like most screen ankles, Ziegfeld and Kingston, pronounce them as being too heavy.

Probably the most perfect ankles to ever grace the stage, says Mr. Kingston, were those of Lillian Lorraine, who is pictured at the right. Miss Lorraine's ankles are now appearing in the new Ted Lewis revue.



The study of Betty Compson presented below won first place for the popular star, who is now in England. Miss Compson, says Mr. Kingston, has the shapeliest ankle on the whole silverscreen.



The tiny feet and ankles of Bessie Love, exclaimed to be the smallest on the screen.



BETTY
in Merrie
ENGLAND

¶ *Our own Betty Compson has been in England for some months making a romantic drama, Royal Oak, for the Stoll Company. Maurice Elvy is director.*

¶ *Royal Oak is a story of the days of Charles II and Cromwell and the scene at the left was "shot" on the estate of 16th century house at East Grinstead, thirty miles from London.*

¶ *Royal Oak is Miss Compson's second British production. She made Woman to Woman for Graham Cutts when she first crossed and the Stoll Company followed with an offer of some $6000 a week to remain and do Royal Oak. She has had a suite at the Hotel Savoy as the guest of the Stoll organization but she has spent most of her time at a little English inn, near which the lower picture was taken.*

ABBE



¶ *June Mathis is the thousand-a-week power behind the throne at the Goldwyn Studios.*

¶ *Who are the Silent Builders of the Big Screen Reputations?*

By
Anna Prophater



HIDDEN HANDS *of* FILMDOM

THERE are two widespread habits in the movie business. One is the alibi habit—also known as passing the buck. When a picture fails—or to speak in plain English, when it is a flop—all those concerned with its production can spend the long winter months telling their friends that they weren't even on speaking terms with the unfortunate film. They can gather a few good listeners around the radiator and beg them to remember that, if the director had taken their advice, the picture would have been collecting government souvenirs at the box-office.

The other habit of the film business is stealing the glory, the thunder and the hosannas of the public. The third assistant director of any picture that is warming the fingers of the cashiers in the box-office will tell you that he is the guy who first saw the possibilities of the story and that he, himself, developed the entirely unforseen dramatic talents of the star.

Too Many Master Minds

THE studios are all cluttered up with Master Minds. In fact, they are so filled with Master Minds that it is hard to get any work done.

If you will believe all you'll hear around the front offices of the studios, the successful pictures are almost completely the work of lowly but inhumanly modest persons who never get their names on the credit cards. The insane asylums may be filled with men who think they are Napoleon but the studios are overrun with carpenters who think they are D. W. Griffith.

However, in spite of all the noise, there are a few workers in the studios who can qualify, if not as Master Minds, at least as Hidden Hands who have helped build up some big reputations and some big pictures.

Perhaps the most capable Hidden Hands belong to June Mathis, who figures on the screen as the editorial director of Goldwyn Pictures. Miss Mathis has caused more trouble in the feminine world than the woman who launched suffrage or the fellow who invented bobbed hair.

Do you know who are the forces behind the screen plays you see?

The hidden hands of 1923 number

JUNE MATHIS
CATHERINE HILLIKER
JOSEPHINE LOVETT
MRS. RUPERT HUGHES
KATHLYN WILLIAMS
THEDA BARA
ETHEL CHAFIN
SOPHIE WACHNER
THE JIMMIE SMITHS
JEANIE MACPHERSON

Miss Mathis' Capable Hidden Hand

MISS MATHIS thrust Valentino on a waiting world. Whereupon feeling that she hadn't quite played fair with the men fans, she pulled Nita Naldi from comparative obscurity to glory in *Blood and Sand.*

The story of Rodolph's rise and *The Four Horsemen* is an old one by this time. Lots of persons claim to have recognized in Rodolph great latent talent. But he was originally selected by Miss Mathis because he had "that look in his eye" and an undoubted charm for women. She saw him first with Clara Kimball Young in a picture called *Eyes of Youth.*



¶ *Jeanie MacPherson is the hidden hand of the Cecil De Mille productions.*

Miss Mathis believes in sex appeal. That is to say, she believes sex appeal in an actor or actress is a legitimate and admirable asset. She also believes that the public wants love stories.

Several years ago, Miss Mathis was writing scenarios for Metro. Guided by her, Nazimova rose to great popularity. The collapse of the Nazimova came at almost the exact time when Miss Mathis no longer wrote Madame's scenarios. Bert Lytell's one claim to fame as an actor, *The Right of Way,* was also produced under the guidance of Miss Mathis.

A Thousand a Week

JUST at present, the Goldwyn Company believes that Miss Mathis's advice is worth a thousand dollars a week. She has been associated with so many lucky undertakings that directors look upon her as a sort of charm. To have her on the lot is better than nailing a horse shoe over the door.

Of course, her dramatic technique in scenario writing and her close attention to story details also make her valuable. But the real secret of her success lies in the fact that she has those mysterious flights of inspiration known as "hunches." Figuratively speaking, Miss Mathis goes in for "visions and dreams"; she has a way of handing out suggestions about pictures that make the directors believe that it is straight-from-the-shoulder stuff from Heaven.

The Inspirational Touch

THIS peculiar quality of giving the inspirational touch to her advice makes Miss Mathis popular with her workers. The temperamental director who might resent suggestions from an everyday business woman eagerly listens to every word from a woman who has a gift of endowing herself with the inspiration of a priestess.

Only an unusually magnetic woman would assume such a definite leadership in any studio. Moreover only an unusually gifted woman would be entrusted with the production of an important picture like *Ben-Hur.* Although *Ben-Hur* may be officially in the hands of one or several directors, it really belongs to Miss Mathis—and everyone in Hollywood knows it.

Ben-Hur has proved Miss Mathis something of a hypnotist. For she has succeeded in hypnotising the Goldwyn officials into handing the leading role to George Walsh. As an actor, Walsh rates along with Corse Payton. He was a jitney Douglas Fairbanks for William Fox and afterward he was the moron's delight in several serials. Nevertheless, Miss Mathis believes he can act and believes he is just the person to play *Ben-Hur.* It is her newest "hunch."

The Case of Jeanie MacPherson

JEANIE MACPHERSON, the hidden hand in Cecil De Mille's pictures, figures on the screen as author of the scenarios. Jeanie is the exact opposite of June. She is not a magnetic person; she is a quiet looking Scotch girl. She has no inspired "hunches" and her conversation lacks fizz. June Mathis is all personality; Jeanie is completely minus any sort of glitter.

Jeanie can do anything she is told from murdering a Barrie play to creating a Roman orgy. As a scenario writer, she has a good workmanlike technique, a level head and a keen knowledge of what the public—and Mr. De Mille—wants. Jeanie knows Mr. De Mille better than anyone in the world knows him. She is the ideal worker, the ideal silent partner. [*Continued on page* 100]



¶ *Kathlyn Williams, wife of the Lasky studio manager, is the master celluloid diplomat of all Hollywood.*



Introducing

COVARRUBIAS

¶ SCREENLAND *is the first American magazine to produce the work of Miguel Covarrubias, the brilliant young caricaturist of Mexico City.* ¶ *Covarrubias is only nineteen but he is already famous throughout Latin America not only for his caricatures but for his decorative paintings.* ¶ *Not long ago he was commissioned by the Mexican government to do a large mural for the exhibition room in the offices of the Secretary of Public Instruction.* ¶ *Last year he was selected with four other Mexican artists to choose examples of arts and crafts for the Los Angeles Exhibition.*

¶ *Herewith are Covarrubias' impressions of Nita Naldi, Pola Negri and our own Jackie Coogan. Further impressions will appear in future issues of* SCREENLAND. *They will be well worth watching for.*







RUSSELL BALL

M A Rubens' GAL

By Delight Evans

"Meet my mother!" Why, once I saw a photograph a star had signed, "To my Sweet Little Mother, the Dearest Creature 'God' Ever Made, and my inspiration. Always her Baby." Now this sort of thing is all very well, but there seem to me to be other ways in which to register daughterly love. For instance, Olive Thomas. She may have given her mother signed portraits—I don't know; but she also gave her fur coats—new ones. The Gish girls are devoted daughters, but neither they nor their mother ever gets maudlin about it. Bebe Daniel's mother is not press-agented.

Screen Mamas and Screen Daughters

BUT I was prepared for the worst when meeting Mrs. Rubens. Because she looked the part. Here was the kindly, sweet face of fiction—the mother-smile, brimming with love for all the world, that Kathleen Norris writes about.

Then she spoke. "Alma, what have you done to your hair? It looks like sin."

That voice! Not the sweet maternal piping of the stage, but a good, wholesome contralto.

Ma Rubens Is Different

BEING the mother of a screen star is, with Mrs. Rubens, only an incident. She hasn't allowed it to spoil her life. Mothers of stars are, as we have mentioned, too often only shadows of their famous offsprings—either glorified ladies' maids, or Catherine de Medicis. Mrs. Rubens doesn't sit at home in a wrapper reading the Ladies' Home Companion, emerging only to fetch daughter's newest photographs to show the company. All her wrappers are French negligees; besides, she is so seldom at home. Neither does she attempt to direct her daughter's artistic destinies at the studios. She leaves that to the real directors. She lives her own life. She comes and goes as she pleases.

She is not, like some mothers, left behind when the star

THE movie mama! You have heard of her. You have wept with the ingenues when they told you, in their interviews, how much they owe to their mothers—"God bless her—what would I have done without her? My constant companion and best friend; more than a mother—a pal."

When presenting their mothers, so many of our stars bring misty eyes, usually reserved for the close-ups, to the formality. "My mother," they murmur huskily, almost as if they were ashamed. One even said, "Ma mere." It's up to a star if she cares to call her mother "Ma mere," but it is an added touch we could struggle along without. They always blink fast the while, as if to keep back the tears. Mother then smiles deprecatingly as much as to say, "It's nothing, really," when all the time you know she's thinking that the world owes her a debt of gratitude for presenting it with such a great gift.

¶ *That odd reserve of Alma Rubens is merely pictorial. She always looks a little bored—and never is. And she never poses.*

¶ *The little Irish girl from Frisco who looks like an Italian Princess*

of the family goes to lunch at Pierre's, to tea at Sherry's, or to shop upon the Avenue. She goes along. The inevitable comments, "That's what *she* will look like twenty years from now" don't worry Alma at all; she undoubtedly hopes she will resemble her mother in middle-age.

If Mrs. Rubens considers Alma a credit to her, she keeps it all to herself. She is perfectly impersonal, and seems just as fond of her other non-professional daughter, Hazel. She never objected when Alma decided to find fame and fortune in the films. "If I had she'd have gone and done it anyway. I remember how I was at her age."

Alma Rubens Like Her Mother

ALMA'S chief recommendation to me is that she really appreciates her mother—as a person. And she's very much like her.

In repose this daughter of Mrs. Rubens is a poem—early Italian, of course. It must tickle her to death, this little Irish girl from San Francisco, to be likened to an Italian princess when she never saw or dreamed Italy until a year ago when she was sent there on location for a picture.





¶ *Miss Evans says only five gelatine stars she has met were perfectly natural. One of them is Alma Rubens. On this page are two views of Miss Rubens in Under the Red Robe, the picture at the left showing her with John Charles Thomas.*

The first time I ever saw her was in a Chicago hotel. She was on her way east to make some new pictures and should have had them on her mind. Instead, she was all worked up about hats. Her reserve, I discovered then, is [*Continued on page* 99]

Our Own News Reel



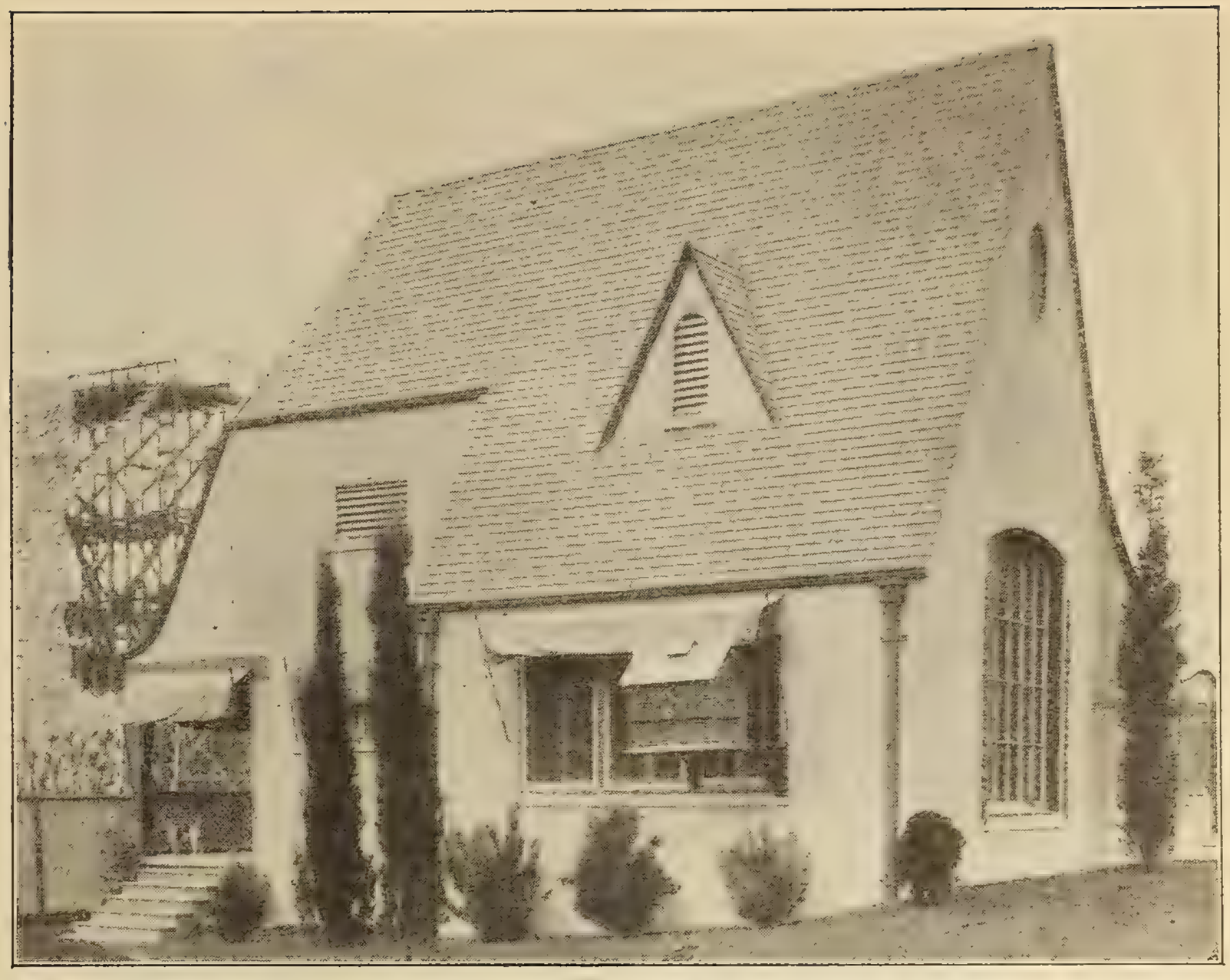
Los Angeles, Cal.—*Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis, meet Thomas Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, by chance at the railway station.*



Los Angeles, Cal.—*Nita Naldi tries out the newest garter liquid carrier. What for? Perfume, of course. Stockings? No, you just know that Nita doesn't wear 'em.*



Astoria, Long Island—*Dorothy Mackaill, between scenes of* His Children's Children *proves why she used to be such a popular member of the Ziegfeld Follies.*



Hollywood, Cal.—*Mary Pickford's new six room bungalow dressing room at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. This bungalow includes a reception room, dining room, kitchen, study, wardrobe dressing room and bath.*



Los Angeles, Cal.—*The penalties of screen success! Leatrice Joy spends the day soaked to the skin from a rainstorm in* The Ten Commandments *and a focusing heater is used to ward off pneumonia.*



New York City—*Olga Petrova, the indomitable, arrives on the S. S. Olympic from a vacation in Europe. Mme. Petrova is demonstrating some of the Spanish atmosphere she acquired while abroad.*



New York City—*John Barrymore and his baggage arrive from Europe and depart immediately for the coast, where the famous star is to do a film version of Clyde Fitch's* Beau Brummel.



Paris, France—*Nadierkowska, the famous Parisian screen "vamp." She recently played the stellar role in* Atlantide *and charmed all France with her interpretation of this mystic heroine of the desert.*



Los Angeles, Cal.—*Bebe Daniels and her grandmother, Mrs. G. B. Griffin, return to California after a year in the East. During this time Bebe made a number of pictures, including* His Children's Children.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Ernst *Lubitsch whiles away a few moments between the scenes of* The Marriage Circle.





Los Angeles, Cal.—*Bill Hart dons the mitts as first aid in keeping in physical trim for his return to the screen. Bill intends to make 'em as deadly as his famous six-shooters.*

New York City—*Lenore Ulric returns to New York after completing a film version of* Tiger Rose. *Miss Ulric has resumed her tour in the highly successful French farce,* Kiki.



¶ *Rodolph and Natacha Valentino arrived in France by airplane from London. Two hundred admirers made the trip from Paris to welcome Rudy and his wife.*



The Valentinos Abroad

¶ *Rudy and Natacha as they started for the Paris station to catch a train for Deauville. Here they rested for a few days before continuing on to Switzerland and Italy. Tremendous crowds greeted the Valentinos and remained about their Paris hotel during their stay in the French capital.*

¶ *For the benefit of our feminine readers, we whisper that Natacha's motoring coat is a brand new Parisian creation. Note the pretty vestal hood.*

WIDE WORLD

¶ Publicity Stunts that have brought unknowns into fame

The POSE PAYS

By Katherine Albert



HESSER

¶ *Theda Bara was the first to humanize the vamp. She threw away the occultism and extinguished the incense. Devising fame for Barbara La Marr was harder—unitl an ingenious press agent hit upon the idea of adopting a baby.*



WHY do moving picture stars deem it necessary to pose for the benefit of the public? I wonder, for usually their real personalities are more interesting than the ones their press agents give them.

I feel sorry for stars. They do not want my sympathy, I realize, but they deserve it. It has become bromidic to exclaim over the lack of privacy of a star, but it is so great a truth that it is well worth repeating. A star is common property, the property of the public, and the kind of life that the public demands of a star is the kind of life that a star must lead. I wonder if they ever become tremendously bored with living up to the stories the press agents hang on them.

The Press Agent's Job

IT is the case that whenever an actor's life is exposed in any way the powers that be at once spend thousands of dollars to disprove all true statements. Disproving is the chief and most expensive job of a press agent.

For the sake of dramatic values, perhaps, an actress must never, never be like the characters she portrays unless these characters are thoroughly good and virtuous. If an actress plays unpleasant roles she must at once assume an entirely different home life.

Publicity stunts to conteract vamp effects that, for their hokum are sure fire, may roughly be classed something like this:

Domestic happiness stuff.

Mother stuff.

Profound stuff.

Take Barbara LaMarr, for instance. Barbara is one of our most charming vamps, a thoroughly seductive and alluring creature. Even her name conjures up pictures of exotic boudoirs, sunken baths and perfumed cigarettes. Barbara LaMarr! Here is a woman who can be immoral with more finesse than anyone I have ever seen act. And yet, she must not allow the public to believe that she is at all like the roles she enacts. Vamps may do their dirtiest work before the camera but when they are away from the studio and the grease paint is cold creamed off they must assume an entirely different role to create the correct atmosphere for the benefit of the public.

Theda Bara Set the Fashion

THEDA BARA was the first to introduce the vamps who do not vamp. With one fell swoop she extinguished the insense and threw away the books on occultism. And that started them all.

It was a clever person who evolved the idea of having Barbara LaMarr adopt a baby. It was great stuff and I give credit to the mind that thought it out. LaMarr was a difficult case. The old domestic happiness stuff had been done to death and with LaMarr marriage, its uses and abuses, is a delicate subject.

Not even the public could swallow the gag that she "just loved to cook." Not Barbara LaMarr. Hands like those were never meant for pealing potatoes. LaMarr is no girl and ingenue poses were out, so the idea of adopting a baby was a master stroke of press agenting. Here was sweet sorrow. Here was the rather tragic maternal instinct. Then, too, loving a baby is such a womanly thing to do and Barbara is doing it with a vengeance. I know how the other vamps who have something to disprove must envy her.

Mae Bush is one of the few screen personalities who lives up to herself. She is truly exotic and she admits it. She indulges in oriental rugs, poems of passion and Turkish cigarettes and she is frank about it.

What Happened to Mary

THE most striking example of a pose being all shot was the case of Mary Miles Minter. If you do not believe that poses are considered necessary I refer you to Miss Minter's contract with Lasky in which it was stated that Mary was never to be seen on the streets unchaperoned. That was for the purpose of impressing the public with the fact of her extreme youth and exclusiveness. Her mother was her standby. She was with her upon every occasion. They were southern and, to use press agent logic, came from an old and aristocratic family. Modest youth and reliance upon mother was Mary's best bet from a publicity standpoint.

At a meeting of stars and directors who were gathered together for some mutual benefit, Mary Miles Minter was present. Many had expressed opinions and at last Mary was called on for a speech. Miss Minter blushed furiously, but her mother came to the rescue by saying, "I will speak for Mary." And Mary cooed back in vibrant tones, "Oh, you darling!" What a beautiful atmosphere of maternal and filial love!

But Mary could not hold out and when she thought that mamma was abusing the privileges that had been given to her for their publicity value, Mary took things into her own hands and left home with much talk from all parties concerned.

Where the Public Comes In

IT seems very queer that the doings of a certain class of people should cause so much talk and speculation. I can find no scientific reason why the personal life of a star should be common property. I should, of course, be glad that the public is interested for were it not for that fact I would be out of a job. And yet it seems to me that the public should be concerned with an artist artistically only. If an actor is an artist or even if he only pleases it seems that should be enough for the public. But, hero worshipers that we are, we must know the most uninteresting Babbit-like details of daily life.

I remember once having seen a picture of Mary Pickford washing her hair. I am sure that she does it or has it done very much like anyone else. But because it is Mary Pickford we are interested.

Dear, little Mary! She is a charming character, a delightful woman, but nevertheless she must use a pose. She must be exclusive. She must be the gracious hostess of Pickfair. She must have but a few friends. Her pleasures must be simple ones. I wonder if she ever longs just one night to cavort with Lottie. Perhaps not, and yet what a terrible strain it must be, this always being exclusive.

¶ They all pose!

¶ From Mary Pickford, with her graceful pose of simplicity and exclusiveness—as well as of hostess of Pickfair—to Gloria Swanson, with her carefully created Continental temperament.

¶ Sometimes the pose goes wrong. Witness the late lamented ingenueism of Mary Miles Minter.

¶ And sometimes the pose doesn't work out so well. Jackie Coogan's prococious genius was an instance.

¶ But usually the pose pays!

Gloria's Successful Pose

GLORIA SWANSON is a fine example of this posing craze. She was a bathing beauty to begin with, but when she started to work for de Mille and when she discovered that the public paid its perfectly good money to see her encased in Clare West's atrocities that Clare, being a designer, calls gowns, she found that she, too, must have a pose.

It was Elinor Glyn, I believe, who gave Swanson her tip about culture with a capital C. It was she who taught her continental manners, the low voice and repressed gestures of the well bred. So Gloria must forget the good old days when she could shout at the director and fly into a fit of rage at the slightest provocation. And speaking of rage that brings on more talk.

Temperament is a tradition. All actresses are supposed to have it and therefore the press agents must cry, "Yes, our actresses have no temperament today."

Why can't they have temperament, I ask? It is the best emotional vent I know of. Every one indulges in it at times, but actresses, the people who have more cause for temperament than any class of people on earth must remain serene for reasons known only to a press agent.

Charlie's Tragic Pose

THE comedians come in for their share of poses. The trade mark of Charles Chaplin is the derby hat and large shoes. He is known and loved for his work, but because some unthinking soul told him that he was a great artist, he at once divulged the innermost [*Continued on page* 88]

CUT *the* COMEDY

By

Eunice Marshall



LIFE is very sad and due to be sadder. All of our very funniest comediennes are leaving the custard-pie dramas flat and are going in for emotional acting. Louise Fazenda, we are told, has positively sat in her last mud-puddle. Gale Henry, whose facial vagaries have seemed to us the one bright spot in many a comedy, has felt the dramatic urge and is parking her makeup box on dramatic lots only. And now Edna Purviance, long the decorative adjunct of Charlie Chaplin's fun-makers, has started in a series of high-powered dramatic features, with a custard pie not even so much as mentioned in the scripts.

¶ The thin line of comediennes is giving way before the attack of drama

¶ Louise Fazenda has made a definite step from comedy to drama—and she says she isn't going back at any cost. For years Louise has been the only woman on the screen who could be kicked without the censors cutting it out. They merely giggled.



MELBOURNE SPURR

It was Louise Fazenda's appearance in *The Beautiful and Damned* that caused her to quit the old familiar comedy make-up, the tight little braids with the spit curl, and the striped stockings that have caused so many chortles. From now on Louise is an "artiste."

Back Lighting for Louise

SHE has been having the thrill of her young life now, in the picture she is doing for Pathe out on the Roach lot. When asked what she is doing, she replies that she is "supporting a horse!" It is an animal picture, a sort of a *Call of the Wild* affair with a horse in the featured role instead of a dog. But the story has to have a love interest, and that is where Louise, for the first time in a strenuous screen life-time, comes in. She actually has a romance and a final "clinch" in the fade-out, with a back light lighting up her halo of curls!

About all of the romantic episodes of her career up to this point have been centered about some fat and be-whiskered comedian. "It's amazing," Louise remarked naively, "how much easier dramatic stars are to kiss than comedians!" All the difference, we, fancy, between



W. E. SEELY



¶ *Above Edna Purviance, whose work in Chaplin's new picture,* A Woman of Paris, *has lifted her from farce to drama. Right, Gale Henry, who has been a comedienne since the pioneer days, has turned to drama, too. She hopes to cut comedy completely before long.*

Monte Blue, say, and Ben Turpin!

Louise has aspirations to play parts like *Anna Christie;* and *Rain.* She dreams of playing the lead in *The Goldfish,* in which Marjorie Rambeau is delighting audiences.

"I could do it," she declares. "I know I could do it. I would play the roles with subtlety, with lights and shades of emotion. These women with pasts,—screen tradition makes them out to be all of one note, serious, dramatic. They aren't. They laugh; they say funny little things. They are very human. They forget to be dramatic. Oh, I *wish* they would let me try!"

But they won't. At least, not yet. "People would think it was a burlesque if you appeared, Louise," they tell her. "They would laugh as soon as you came on the scene."

Louise Fazenda's Experiences

So Louise packs up her dreams in rosemary for a while longer, and meanwhile takes further adventures in dramatic roles. Perhaps, in a year or two, when audiences cease to look for a mud puddle as soon as Louise appears in a scene, she will be permitted to have her chance at portraying naughty ladies.

"But at that, I almost hate to leave slap-stick comedy," she declares. "It was good fun. There's all the difference in atmosphere between a comedy lot and a dramatic studio that there is between a circus troupe in which the performers have worked together for years, and . . . and. . .", she groped for a comparison, ". . . . . a Little Theatre. The dramatic stars, they are apt to think of comedy people as clowns. We had good time, on the Sennett lot, but it was hard work. I used to come home with my arms black-and-blue, and my nails broken. I never went out; I was too tired at night. It is only now with the mild life of the dramatic studio, that I realize how hard it all was."

The Only Woman Who Can Be Kicked

Louise Fazenda has the rather doubtful distinction, according to her own statement, of being the only woman who can be kicked, in pictures. Censors invariably cut scenes in which other women are kicked, but in Louise's case, they merely giggle and let it ride.

Her adventures have been varied and stimulating. As for the number of times she has been butted by goats, and thrown into plaster baths, and hit with pies, the mind cannot compass them. Probably the most terrifying experience was one occasion when she was tied on a water-wheel by a comedy villian, and the darn wheel stopped *under water.*

And Now—Gale Henry

It was *Quincy Adams Sawyer* that brought Gale Henry out from the wilds of comedyville to the civilization of drammer. She liked the taste of it so well that she decided she'd have another helping. So she played the part of the governess in *Tea With a Kick,* and played another comedy role with Guy Bates Post in *The Man from Ten Strike.* But just to keep her hand in, she does a bit of slap-stick now and again. She says alternating the two keeps her from going stale.

Gale Henry lives in a cabin way up in Laurel Canyon. She owns a most amazing specimen of dog, an Irish wolf-hound, named Patrick. He is only seven months old but already has the architectural lines of a young giraffe. Unfortunately he has the instincts of a lap dog. The results are intriguing—very.

Miss Henry has been in comedies ever since the first ones were made. She was a pioneer on the Universal lot, when actors who got five dollars a day were "artists." She was an artist, and later attained the heights of a $25 a week guarantee, which was considered splendid pay then.

Edna Purviance Enters Drama

A broken arm brought Edna Purviance into comedies, and a broken heart brought her [*Continued on page* 87]

The TEN Best Screen Dramas

¶ Screenland has been canvassing the foremost film authorities in America for a vote upon the ten most significant screenplays ever made. This canvass will continue in subsequent numbers

ADOLPH ZUKOR, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

Queen Elizabeth
A Good Little Devil
The Bargain
The Birth of a Nation
Shoulder Arms
Passion
The Golem
The Toll of the Sea
Hollywood
The Covered Wagon

MORRIS GEST, the famous theatrical producer:

The Birth of a Nation
Intolerance
Way Down East
Broken Blossoms
Orphans of the Storm
The Kid
Shoulder Arms
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
When Knighthood Was in Flower
Carmen, with Farrar

LUELLA O. PARSONS, moving picture editor of *The Morning Telegraph:*

The Birth of a Nation
The Covered Wagon
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
The Kid
Nanook of the North
Grandma's Boy
Little Old New York
When Knighthood Was in Flower
Rosita
Down to the Sea in Ships

ALISON SMITH, of *The Evening Mail:*

The Golem
Nanook of the North
Doctor Caligari
Crainquebille
The Kid
The Pilgrim
Shoulder Arms
The Birth of a Nation (with reservations)
The Covered Wagon (with reservations)
The Dempsey-Firpo fight pictures

NOTE

SCREENLAND will continue its canvass of notables for the ten best pictures next month. And the opinions of a number of our readers will be presented also.

Mr. Zukor, in his list given above, gave several interesting reasons for his selections. He picked *Queen Elizabeth,* because it presented "the first famous stage player in a famous play." *A Good Little Devil* was named because it was "the first feature picture that started Mary Pickford on her career as a star and really the forerunner of all starring pictures." *The Bargain* comes into his reckoning because it was "the first William S. Hart screenplay and the forerunner of all the Western pictures." *The Toll of Sea* was named by Mr. Zukor for the reason that it was "the first feature film to be photographed by color process."

DANIEL FROHMAN, the veteran of the stage and screen:

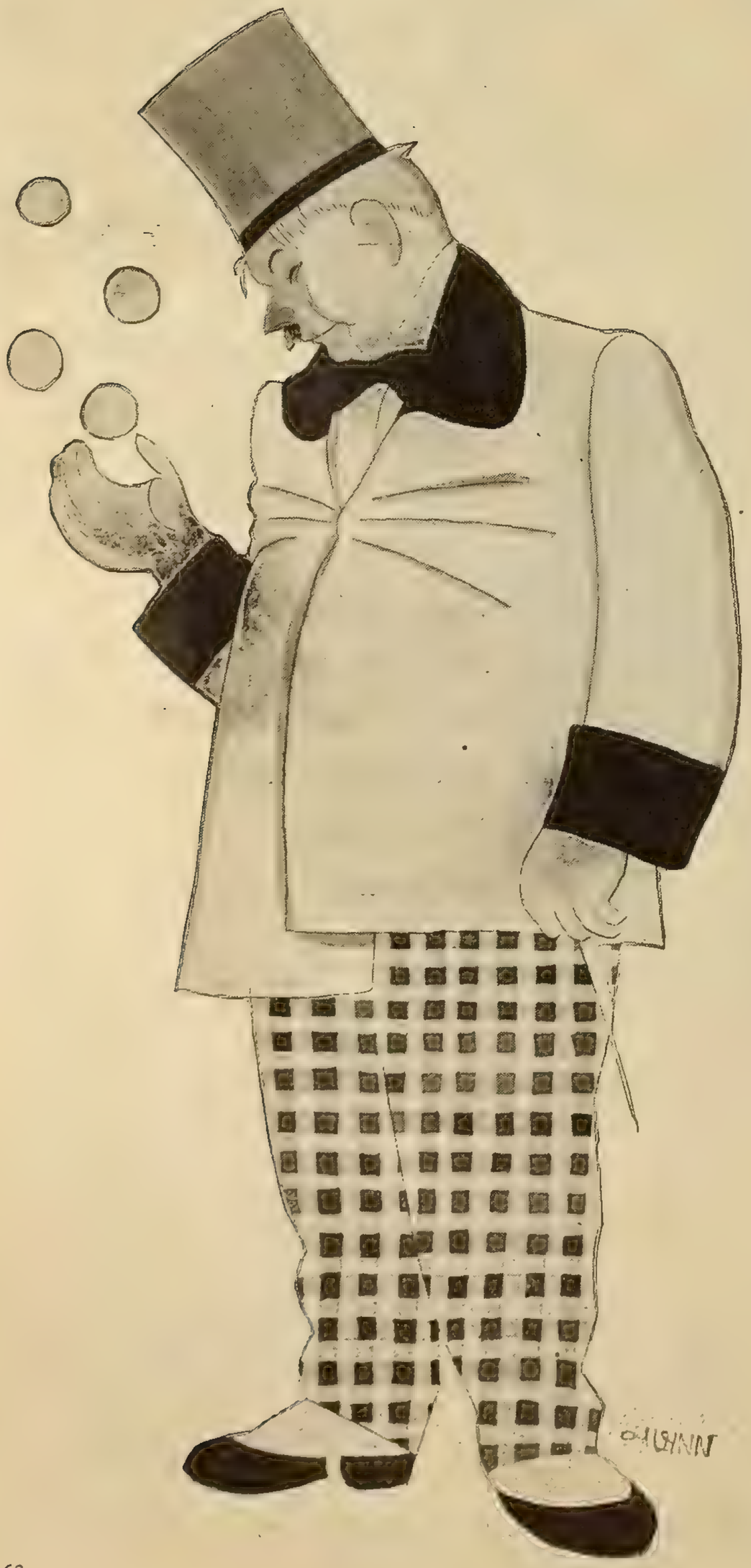
The Birth of a Nation
Robin Hood
Nanook of the North
The Miracle Man
Hollywood
Male and Female
Passion
Orphans of the Storm
Cabiria
The Covered Wagon

¶ Screenland would like to know what ten motion pictures you consider to be the milestones of cinema progress. Write to the Editor and give him your chosen list of ten.

The stage season of 1923-4 is now well on its way. The New York theater going public never had such varied fare before. It's a season rife with interest.



¶ Leo Carillo is giving a rounded and charming performance in Booth Tarkington's romance of Mississippi river gambling days, Magnolia.



Behind *the* Footlights

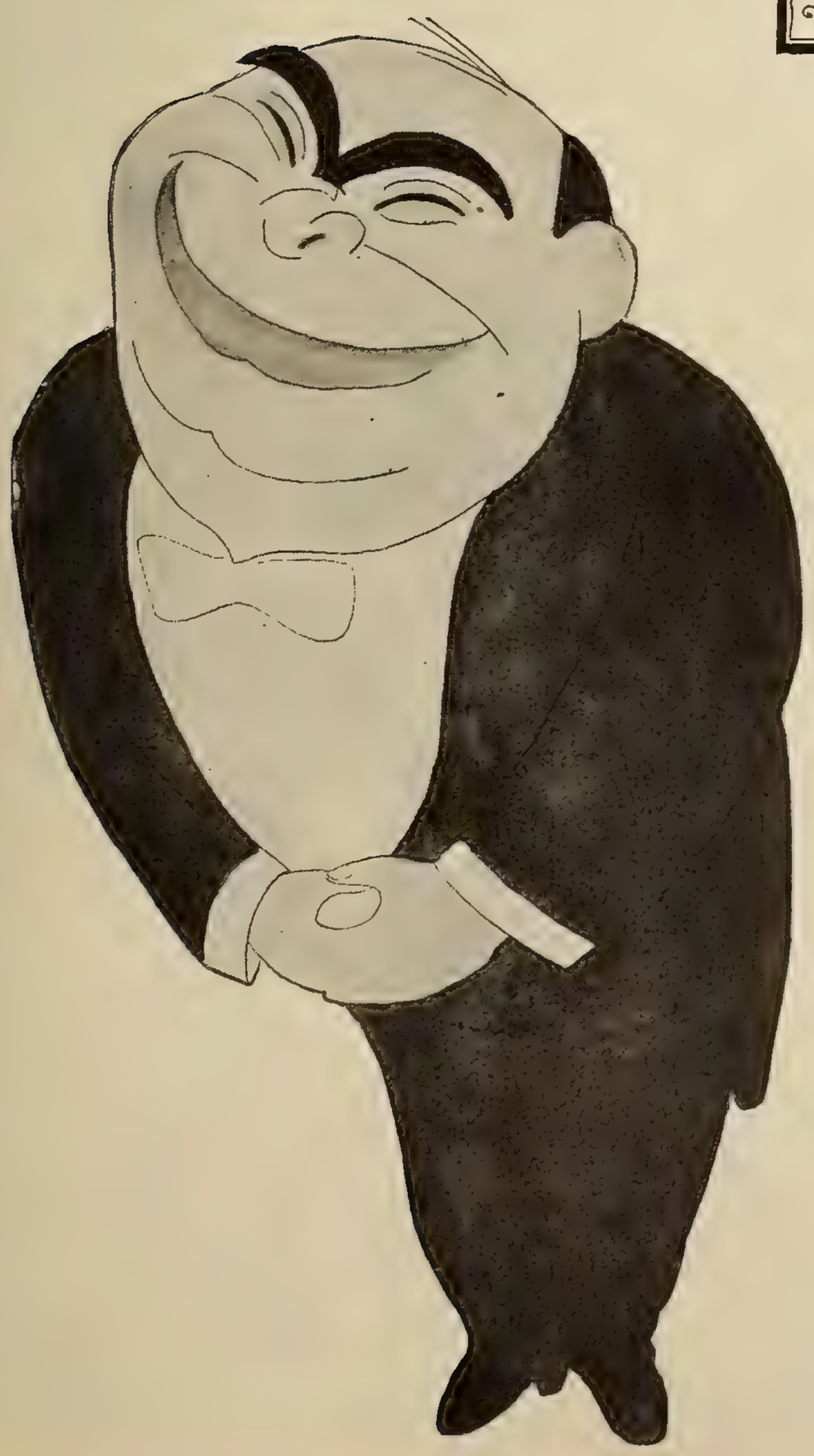
Drawings by Wynn

¶ W. C. Fields is a comedy joy in Poppy, the new and highly successful revue in which Madge Kennedy is starring. Not so long ago Fields was a comedy juggler in the Ziegfeld revues but, in Poppy, he has advanced to a legitimate and racily humorous role, that of a merry rascal of a medicine showman.

¶ Alfred Lunt is devoting his entire time to motion pictures at the present moment but he is returning to the footlights shortly in a brand new play. Which will be of genuine interest to theatergoers who look upon him as one of the best young actors on our stage.



¶ Back from a summer season at the Theater Femina in Paris, Balieff and his Chauve-Souris (the Moscow Bat Theater), have returned to town. So we have Balieff's glorious gypsies, the adorable Katinka and the immortal Wooden Soldiers with us once more.



¶ The chic and delightful Irene Bordoni is with us again, this time in Avery Hopwood's pleasant song play, Little Miss Bluebeard. She is as charming as ever.



Screenland *visits the* THEATER



MURAY

¶ *Madge Kennedy is more charming than ever in* Poppy, *the musical comedy which has scored one of the few hits of the new screen year.*



¶ Artists and Models, *the daring Shubert revue, has many items of interest—but none more so than Edna Duval, who is one of the reasons why the entertainment—distinctly for the tired business man—is doing so well.*

WHITE

¶ *Mlle. Marguerite, who dances charmingly with her brother, Frank Gill, is one of the sensations of the Keith vaudeville season in her elaborate new terpsichorean act. Mlle. Marguerite is a dashing and piquant dancer from old Spain.*

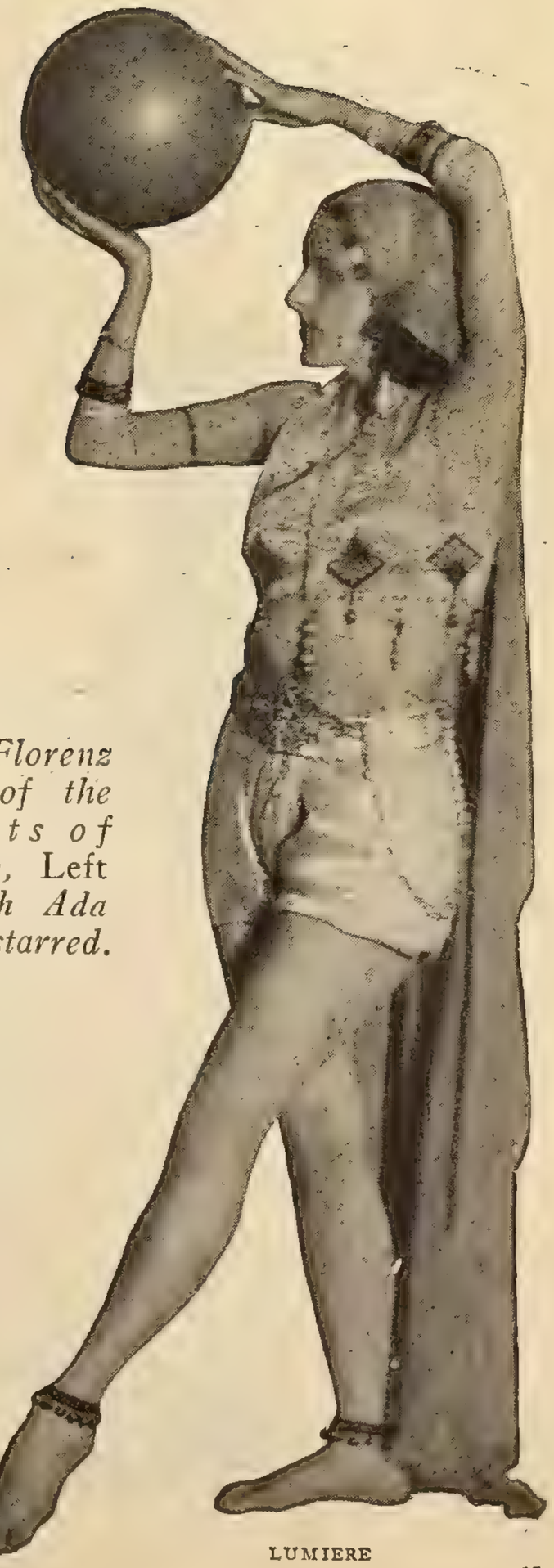


DUPONT

¶ *The new* Greenwich Village Follies *has many moments of sheer beauty—aside from a bevy of beautiful girls. One of them is Irene Delroy, presented just below.*



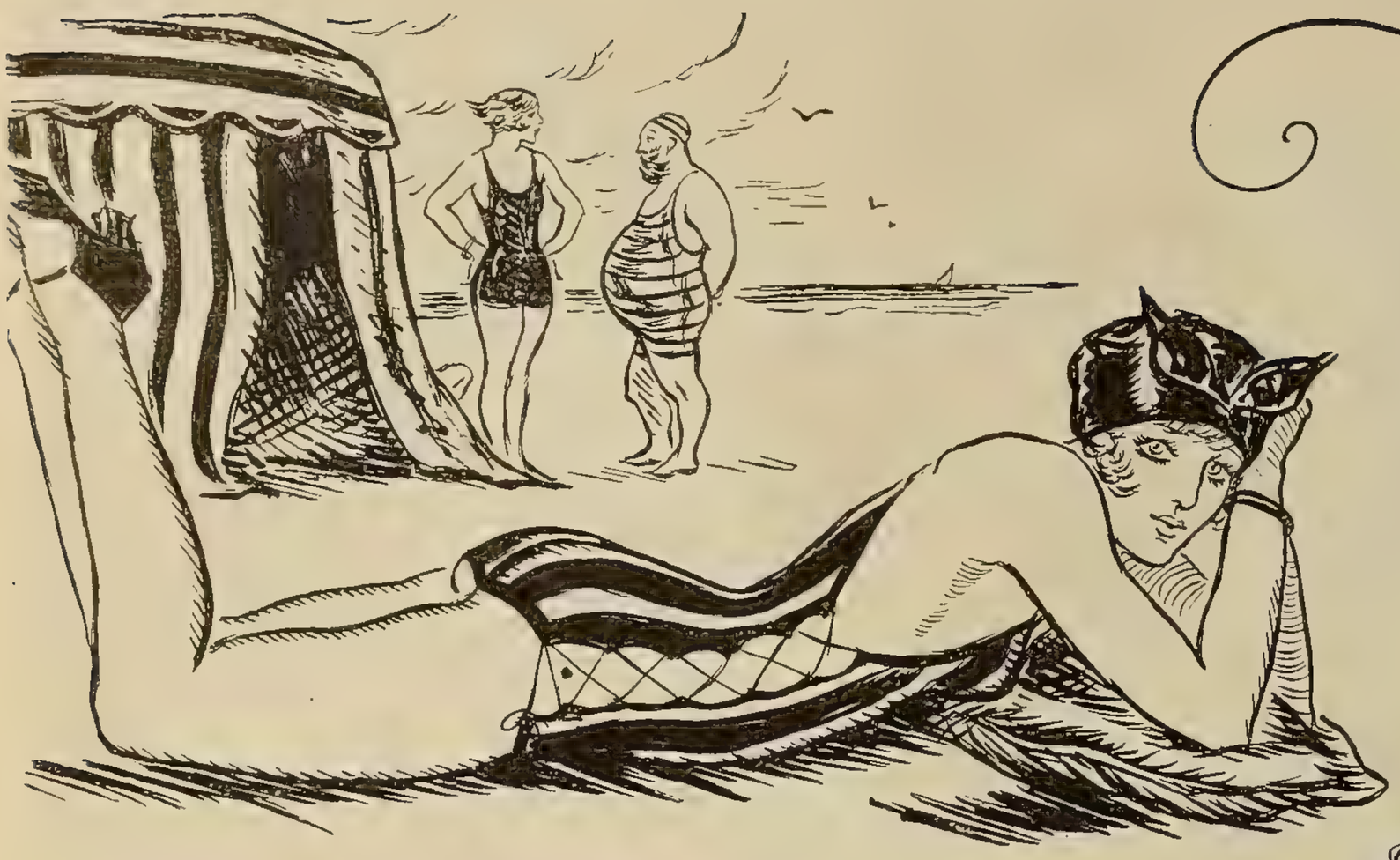
HESSER



LUMIERE

¶ *At the right, Florenz Tamara, one of the dancing hits of the new revue,* Left Over, *in which Ada May Weeks is starred.*

Those Tense Emotional Moments



¶ They called her the Tigress of Deauville, so fierce was the expression in her smouldering eyes. At least, so said the sub-title.



¶ Then, Hortense, to her horror (again quoting the sub-title) realized that she was alone, all alone, on a desert island.



¶ Here is the helpful aid given by the caption writer to this scene: "I shall kill myself if I have to turn back to a life of sin!"

The Slim Pprincess



¶ *Julanne Johnston*

By
Eunice Marshall

"Who *is* Julanne Johnston? She dances or something, doesn't she?"

That was the query one heard everywhere when Douglas Fairbanks announced that Julanne Johnston was to have the coveted leading role in his *Theif of Bagdad*. Hollywood knew Julanne, of course. But to the layman she was only a name.

"All the good things in life that have come to me have come as surprises," she told me recently. "It was that way with this role with Mr. Fairbanks. They asked me to come down and take a test for a slave-girl role, and then gave me the princess' part!"

In the beginning, Evelyn Brent had been cast for the part. But one day Miss Brent left the Fairbanks lot. Miss Brent herself declared that she had come to Hollywood to work and that so far she had been the champion long-distance rester. Douglas Fairbanks intimated that the heroine of his picture must be of an ephemeral type of beauty, and that Miss Brent had allowed herself to become the least bit, well, plump! But whatever the cause, Fairbanks found himself without a leading lady for his picture. So he began to comb Hollywood for a Slim Princess. He found her in Julanne Johnston.

Julanne had danced in the prologue that preceded the showing of his *Robin Hood,* at a Hollywood theatre. "I've been on the stage since I was fifteen years old," Julanne says. She studied with Ruth St. Denis for years. About two years ago, she went with a dancing act over the Pantages and Orpheum circuit. It was Carol Dempster that started Julanne on the road to a career. They were chums in Los Angeles together. Carol is a dancer herself, and it was in a desire to emulate her that Julanne began taking dancing lessons. The two of them studied under Ruth St. Denis, before D. W. Griffith gave Carol her chance in *Dream Street.* Julanne knew Cecelia deMille, daughter of Cecil B. deMille. They were school-mates at the Hollywood School for Girls. It was through Cecelia that Julanne got her first chance at acting, in deMille's *Joan, the Woman,* starring Geraldine Farrar. Followed then bits in many pictures, dancing roles predominating. Casting directors began to think of her as a dancer only, which annoyed Julanne tremendously. She wanted to act as well as to dance. Bits and parts led finally to the coveted goal of leads. She supported Jack Gilbert in a Fox production, *Madness of Youth,* and was leading lady for Lew Brice. Then came *The Thief of Bagdad.*

HOLLYWOOD *Via Jamaica*



¶ *Aileen Pringle*

By
Constance Palmer Littlefield

Aileen Pringle has just been chosen by Elinor Glyn to play the part of The Lady in *Three Weeks.*

Anyone who has talked with Mrs. Glyn for five minutes knows that *Three Weeks* is the pride and joy of her life. The arrangements for filming the famous novel have been under way at the Goldwyn studios for months. So her selection of Miss Pringle means a lot.

In spite of her youth, she is every bit a woman of the world. Her accent leads you to think she is British—and so she is, in all but birth.

Her mother is French and her father English. She herself was born in San Francisco, but went to England when she was twelve. She attended boarding school there and a convent in France.

Later she married and went to live in Jamaica, where she was surrounded by every luxury.

She had always had a great desire to go on the stage, but her family all frowned on the suggestion. But during the war her husband went to France and, since her parents had returned to San Francisco, the young bride at last felt free to carry out her desires.

So she went to London, found a theatrical engagement and for some months played the English provinces, later to return to London with the Elliott Players.

Then she came to New York where she played for some months in *The Green Goddess* with George Arliss. Then she went to the coast.

Only a year ago she was playing her first real screen part, that of an East Indian half-caste in *The Tiger's Claw,* a Lasky program picture starring Jack Holt.

Within the year, she has been signed on a long-term contract with the Goldwyn company, and has played in Souls *For Sale, In the Palace of the King,* and for an outside, independent company, among others.

Coming EVENTS *cast their* SHADOWS



¶ When West of the Water Tower appeared as a novel minus an author's name it created a sensation. Then the films purchased this unusual story of American small town life and Homer Croy stood revealed as the author. Here are Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy in a tender moment of West of the Water Tower, as Rollin Sturgeon is directing it.



¶ Erich Von Stroheim is telling the late Frank Norris' McTeague with relentless realism under the title of Greed Here is Von Stroheim's grim realization of the moment before retiring in the McTeague home, with Zaza Pitts and Gibson Gowland.



¶ Marshall Neilan's The Rendezvous is said to have unusual color, at least this glimpse of a vodka joint has atmosphere. Elmo Lincoln, Lucille Rickson and Cecil Holland are the principal participants.



¶ Richard Harding Davis' The Grand Cross of the Crescent is being adapted to the screen as Stephen Steps Out with Joseph Henneberry directing. It will serve to introduce Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to the screen as the American prep school hero who upsets Turkey.



¶ Rudyard Kipling's The Light That Failed is en route to the screen again via a George Melford production. Here is a scene from the new version with Jacqueline Logan as the girl of the regiment.



¶ *Thomas Meighan reads a wire from George Ade to Tom Geraghty, Paramount production editor. Ade is the author of Meighan's latest picture,* Woman-Proof.



¶ *Harold Lloyd tries road work to keep in trim for his strenuous comedies.*

The Listening POST

THE opening of *The White Sister* at the 44th Street Theatre in New York brought out, of course, the usual number of film celebrities. Perhaps the most interested spectator was D. W. Griffith who watched Lillian Gish in the first picture she has attempted without his guidance. And he was quite willing to admit that he liked her performance.

The White Sister Premiere

GOVERNOR and Mrs. Smith sat in a box and ex-Governor Cox of Ohio, who may be remembered as a presidential candidate, was also in the audience. The big moment of the evening came when Charles Duell, president of the Inspiration Company, took the stage and read a telegram from Calvin Coolidge and also another one from Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, who are friends of Miss Gish.

Miss Gish made a curtain speech but the interest centred not so much upon what she said as upon the yellow brocade gown she wore.

Romeo and Juliet Rivalry

> WANTED—One first class Romeo. Must be camera broke and as good a lover as Rudy Valentino. Apply in person Stage 6, United Studios or Pickford Studio.

THEY haven't done that just yet, but if they thought it would do any good, the want ad pages would be full of such ads. "They" being Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, both of whom, according to published announcements are to film Bill Shakespeare's little skit, *Romeo and Juliet*. But, as indicated in the foregoing, not only are there not enough Romeos to go around, but a careful canvass of the situation shows that there isn't even a single available candidate. Of course both the Juliets would like to have Rudy but the nothing doing sign has been hung up by the well known and justly famous sheik. So if you happen to know of any Romeos lying around loose there's a job or two waiting in Hollywood for them.

It was announced some time ago that Miss Talmadge would play Juliet and at about the same time it was heralded that Ernst Lubitsch would direct another production of the same play with Mary as Juliet after she had completed *Dorothy Vernon,*

¶ *What they're talking about in the studios of Hollywood and New York*

By Alfred H. Cohn and Helen Lee

which is now engaging her time. Then Norma declared that she would not play *Juliet* if Mary desired to enact the role and Mary stated just as emphatically that if it meant the end of her long friendship with Norma, she would defer to the latter.

For those desiring to lay wagers on the proposition the dope is that Norma will make it if a suitable Romeo heaves in sight and that Mary won't if a whole flock of Romeos show up, for much the same reasons that influenced her not to do *Faust*.

Right now Mary is very happy. So is Mickey Neilan who is directing her for



¶ *1923 meets the middle ages! The new 12X sails over the Cosmopolitan Studios in New York and startles the cameraman as he shoots a scene of the seventeenth century story,* Yolanda, *with Marion Davies as star.*

the first time since *Daddy Long Legs*. It's a great combination and *Dorothy Vernon* should be the best thing she has done in the last few years. And it will be a good thing for Mickey too because he hasn't had any too many good ones since joining the Goldwyn organization. Nor will it be a bad thing financially as it is told that he will get $100,000 for the job—not so tough for a few months work.

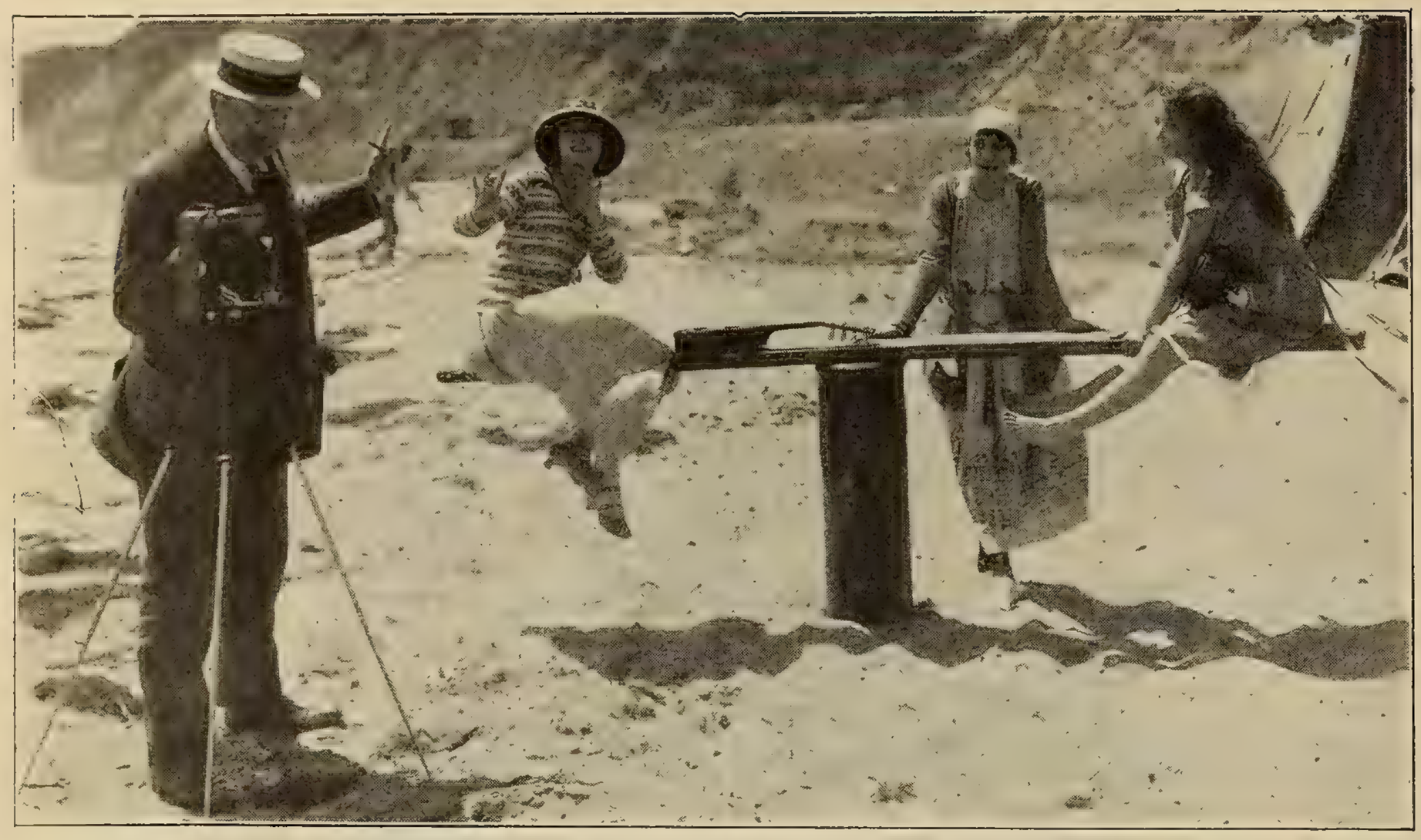
Million Dollar Location Trip

Eric Von Stroheim has just got back to the Goldwyn studio after the most extended location absence in the history of motion pictures. He was gone seven months making scenes for *Greed* from the novel *McTeague* by Frank Norris. Most of the time was spent in San Francisco and some weeks were spent in Death Valley. The million dollar mark was passed before his return to the studio which will be reassuring to some of those who feared that Von's batting record would be impaired because of the lack of expensive sets.

More interesting things are happening at the Goldwyn studio than anywhere else in production circles on the Coast. Preparations for making Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* caused no little comment. Mme. Glyn had some very definite ideas



The newest photograph of Mary Miles Minter, snapped recently in California.



¶ *"Still," calls Director George D. Baker, as he snaps Carmel Myers, Eulalie Jensen and Bessie Love on the California beach between scenes of* The Magic Skin.

about the sort of man who should play *Paul* in the picturization of her most famous work. Her own favorite candidates were disposed of one by one and Conrad Nagel finally selected by the Goldwyn people much to the discontent of the authoress. She contended that Conrad, while good looking enough and a splendid actor, didn't have "it"—that more or less subtle appeal that was possessed by her *Paul*. A newcomer in the ranks of leading women, Aileen Pringle, has the role of the woman who shot the tiger or something —anyhow there's a tiger skin in the story which is all I know about it.

Death of Bernard Durning

THE death of Bernard J. Durning, husband of Shirey Mason, was a real tragedy. Durning died of typhoid fever while he was in the midst of the production starring Gallagher and Shean. Shirley and her husband were one of the happiest couples in motion pictures. Their romance began years ago when Shirley was just a young girl starting her career at the Edison studio. Durning rose from a small job in the technical forces to the position of a director with Fox and his new picture, *The Eleventh Hour*, in which Shirley appeared, had been presented only a few weeks before his death.

WILLIAM Fox has decided to abandon the Gallagher and Shean picture, which was titled *Around the Town*. It is said that it would be difficult to find another director to complete Durning's work. However, if Gallagher and Shean had shown many possibilities of becoming film favorites, it isn't likely that Mr. Fox would have become so easily discouraged.

ANOTHER sidelight on the tragedy is that Shirley's sister, Viola Dana, was also left a widow several years ago when John Collins, her husband and also her director, died suddenly. That romance, too, also started at the Edison studio. Rumors to the contrary, Viola never married again, other rumors to the contrary, no one has ever taken the place of her first love.

OLD fights are soon forgotten. Marilyn Miller and her manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, are on good terms again for Marilyn has returned to the cast of *Sally*, after a summer in Hollywood with her husband, Jack Pickford. Marilyn brings back the news that she prefers curls to bobbed hair—it's a Pickford tradition—and that she would rather live on Long Island than in California. As for the rumor that she and Jack are to separate—well, it doesn't seem worth while denying.



¶ *How the court room scene of Victor Seastrom's* The Master of Man *was shot. Note the overhanging lights, Mae Busch in the prisoner's dock with Patsy Ruth Miller beside her.*

PERHAPS no announcement made during the summer evoked as much and varied comment as that of the engagement of George Walsh to play the title role in Goldwyn's *Ben-Hur*. Most of the comment appears to have been of an unfavorable nature and so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, in no quarter has there been any marked enthusiasm shown over the imminent appearance of the athletic, smiling George as the star of *Ben-Hur*. The picture is to be made in Italy and June Mathis who wrote the script and otherwise had an important part in the preliminary work will be on the job abroad until the big production is completed. At this writing King Vidor is favored as the director. If he isn't finally selected, King will make a big production of *Gulliver's Travels* as his next.



¶ *Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, has been spending a few weeks in London as the guest of Ambassador Harvey.*

Priscilla Dean Leaves "U"

PRISCILLA DEAN is no longer with Universal, with which company she began as an extra girl not so many years ago. Her contract expired in mid-September and she declined to renew because of repeated difficulties with Universal production chiefs during the last two years. Priscilla is to make her own pictures under the management of Harry Caulfield, who has handled her affairs for some years. The first production will be a pirate story and it will be made at the Hollywood studios. Miss Dean's rise at Universal was little short of sensational, as within a single year her salary was jumped from $125 a week to $2000.

CHARLES RAY is getting ready to go out in his stage version of *The Girl I Loved*. He is rehearsing daily and nightly and is determined to put himself over on the so-called speaking stage. It's a toss-up, according to the Hollywood experts who had a chance to size Charley up in the *Writers Revue* last spring. However, he won't have any singing to do in this play.

MAE MURRAY is going to Mexico City to make her next picture, *Mlle. Midnight*. Strangely enough it will be the first time an American company has gone to the beautiful capital of the southern republic for scenes.

HAVING made a success of his remaking of *The Spoilers*, Jesse D. Hampton is going to remake Rex Beach's other favorite, *The Barrier*, which was the vehicle that put Mitchell Lewis on the cinemap. Mr. Hampton intends to direct the picture himself. Goldwyns will get it for distribution.



No Visitors Welcome

A MONTH or so ago, the Producers Association got together and voted to bar visitors from the various studios. At about the same time Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford announced

¶ *Have you seen the delightful merry-go round episode of* Ruggles of Red Gap? *Here is Director James Cruze shooting the episode.*



¶ *Director Tom Forman discusses the production of* The Virginian *between scenes with his principals, Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor.*

that visitors would be welcomed at their plant. There is a separate entrance for visitors and when a certain number have congregated they are shown over the grounds by a guide. Doug says that every visitor on his sets means at least one more ardent booster and a lot of paid admissions to the picture seen in making, which is pretty good showmanship.

Tom Mix, accompanied by Mrs. Mix, came East to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight. In fact, Tom with his big sombrero and his he-man clothes, was a sideshow to the fight itself. Tom was out to show the effete East a thing or two and it wasn't his fault if he didn't split the town wide open.

Tom isn't publicity shy. A few days before the fight he went to Firpo's training camp and wanted to spar a few rounds with the Wild Bull of the Pampas. But the Wild Bull recognized a bull-thrower in Tom and refused the offer.

And the Missus tried a little splurge of her own when she purchased, sight unseen, several trunks of gowns just arrived from Paris. The outfit set her back a couple of handfuls of Tom's money. I hope the clothes fit her.

Fannie Ward a Grandmother

Fannie Ward, who is just five years older than Baby Peggy and in the same class with Jackie Coogan, is a grandmother. Her daughter, Dorothy, who married Lord Plunkett about a year ago, has a young son. Dorothy is nearer thirty than twenty and this is her second marriage.

Conservative estimates place Flapper Fannie's age somewhere in the fifties but she neither looks, feels or acts her age. I wonder what the young grandson thinks when he takes a look at grandma.

Major Robert Warwick, World War veteran and popular film star is back among the Klieglights after nearly three years absence. He is making his re-entry into films not as a star but as a supporting player to Elaine Hammerstein in *The Drums of Jeopardy,* which Edward Dillon is making at the Goldwyn studio for Truart. Strangely enough Miss Hammerstein made her own film debut playing opposite Bob in *The Argyle Case* some half dozen or more years ago. Others in the cast of the picture are Jack Mulhall who is the juvenile lead and Wallace Beery. Mulhall was recently placed under contract by Joseph Schenck.

Will Rogers Unhappy

Will Rogers, who recently came out to the Coast from the Follies for another bout with the camera, hasn't been any too happy at the Hal Roach studio, according to information that has seeped out of the Culver City comedy foundry. Will has made four two-reel pictures



¶ *Lois Wilson goes for a morning canter in the suburbs of Los Angeles.*

there and he isn't at all satisfied, particularly with the first two. For the fourth opus, Rob Wagner, magazine writer, humorist and motion picture director was obtained to wield the megaphone over the comic rope twirler and after-dinner speaker. The jury is still out on that one, at this writing, but Will thinks it's the best he has done. The trouble seems to have been that the comedy people wanted to make a second Snub Pollard outa Bill and the famous Follies attraction just couldn't produce anything at the speed established by the various slapstick directors who were put on his case.

THE cinema poem is the latest. Renaud Hoffman, heretofore known to the industry as an illustrator of titles is the producer who is making them. The first production is based on the poem *Which Shall it Be?* and now he is making *Maud Muller* with Margery Daw in the title part. The first picture has in the leading roles, Ethel Wales of *Covered Wagon* fame, David Torrance and a bunch of very wonderful kid actors.



¶ *Will Rogers behind the camera with his director, Percy Pembroke.*

DOUG. FAIRBANK'S marvelous Arabian Nights spectacle will probably go out to the public as *Bagdad* rather than *The Thief of Bagdad.* Doug thinks that the simple word is much more effective and the exhibitors who see titles in terms of electricity will probably be unanimous in their approval. The production will not be released until about the close of the year or the beginning of 1924 and there is little doubt in the minds of those familiar with what he is doing that Doug will give the public the finest thing ever shadowed on the screen.



¶ *Daniel Frohman, the veteran of the stage and screen, visited the coast recently and, at the Goldwyn studios, was the guest of Carmel Myers at luncheon.*

Three Players Hurt

THREE well known male stars were very near death during the past few weeks as the result of accidents. James Kirkwood, one of the best known leading men sustained a basal fracture of the skull when thrown from his horse at Beverly Hills. A few days later Fred Thomson who recently starred in *The Eagle's Talons,* a Universal serial suffered a similar accident while doing a stunt on horseback. An operation was necessary to save his life. Mr. Thomson at one time held the all around athletic championship of the world. He is the husband of Frances Marion, the well known writer. The third star to be laid up was Eddie Polo who was stricken while on a trip to Mexico City. His ailment was due to old injuries sustained while making serials. Four operations were performed in order to save his life.

BY THE way Eddie Polo's daughter, Malvina Polo, has a part in Charlie Chaplin's production, *A Woman of Paris.* She is a very beautiful girl and her work in the Chaplin picture shows a great deal of promise.

Baby Peggy's New Contract

THE signing of a new contract by Baby Peggy was the signal for the press agents involved to get out the dollar signs and dust off the ciphers. The word million was freely used in the stories about Sol Lesser signing up the starlet. The truth was really sufficient as it could be considered news even in the picture business that a child five and a half years old should be getting the sum of $1000 a week. It's been a great year for the custodians of film babies and German police dogs.

IF YOU are old enough

[*Continued on page* 93]

Just a Fresh KID

By *Helen Lee*

PROPERLY, she ought to be the heroine of a Booth Tarkington novel. Mr. Tarkington specializes in plumbing the soul-depths of fresh kids. And Lucille Ricksen is still a fresh kid, in spite of the fact that she should have been subdued after ten years in the studio and an equal number of years as the sole supporter of a mother and brother.

After her work in Marshall Neilan's picture, *The Rendezvous,* it is an open question which Lucille deserves most—stardom or a spanking. Authorities admit she can act; authorities also admit that she is one of the snippiest, snappiest youngsters that ever shook a curl.



℄ *Lucille Ricksen*

Ten years ago Lucille was a nice docile Danish youngster named Ingaborg Ericksen. She was engaged, along with a batch of other kids, for a Selig picture in the Chicago studio and won instant recognition by refusing to smile pretty at the camera.

From then on, life was some kid part after another. And life was just one grand worry for her mother who had to chaperon Lucille at the studio, when her health permitted. And she had to send the great dramatic artist to bed at eight o'clock every night.

On a trip West, S. L. Rothafel, of the Capitol Theatre, New York, met the sassy kid with blonde hair and brown eyes. A short conversation revealed to him that he had discovered a fountain of unconscious humor. There was nothing that Lucille didn't know about the art of acting He recommended her to Goldwyn for the Edgar comedies by Booth Tarkington.

When Mr. Tarkington first saw the pictures, he was inclined to think that Edgar's leading woman received too much attention. But he revised his opinion and said that he wished he had made the girl the heroine of the stories.

Lucille was headed for juvenile fame. All of a sudden in the middle of a picture called *Remembrance,* Lucille began to outgrow her dresses. She began to grow by inches and pounds. She developed a taste for dancing, perfume and party dresses. Rupert Hughes rushed her scenes to completion before his child actress developed into a vampire.

It was a tragedy for Lucille. She was no longer a child and directors refused to think of her as an ingenue. After her kid parts, her first role was a small one with Universal —a vamp part in which Lucille had to smoke a cigarette. It shocked her fellow students at the Palms Grammar School.

Mickey Neilan is said to have picked Lucille for her first important part—the role that is to establish her. But it was really Lucille that picked Mickey. With the frantic faith of a child, she decided that he was the world's greatest director. Her best emotional acting was done to prove to Neilan that she was the world's greatest actress. Except in fits of undue humility, she believes it.

For business reasons, Lucille is eighteen years old. In the privacy of her home she is fourteen and she has a mother and brother to put her in her place as just a fresh kid.

At the MOVIES *in* Los Angeles

SUBTITLE: On the road to Seville.

"There's the ranch. Gosh, it was a muddy day."

Subtitle: And so Paris plunged into a night of feverish dissipation.

"Watch now! I'm in this scene. Over by the fountain —getting up now and throwing confetti. Quick, look! It's gone. They cut the best of it. I hadda close-up. And the set cost 'em twenty-two thousand bucks."

Subtitle: While in a modest cottage down South—

"That was taken right back of our place. You can see the roof of our garage. Yessir, they worked there for three days getting that scene and tramped all over the flowers. The place was a wreck."

Subtitle: Antonio Florenti, gay, debonair and with a sinister power over women. Played by Rolland Rivederci.

"But that ain't his real name. His real name is Herman Muntz. Kept a hot dog stand on the Beach. I knew him then and he owes me $4.00 right now. Guess he's forgot it now that he's so up in the world."

Subtitle: In another year two tiny hands bound closer the ties of a perfect love.

"That's Mrs. Gumbach's baby. She lives near the studio, you know. They hadda have a brand new baby so they held up the picture for two weeks waiting for little Etta. The assistant director dogged the house. The Gumbachs didn't want to let 'em have the baby but the fella insisted. The Gumbachs got fifty dollars and little Etta was took there and back in the director's own limousine. She was only four hours old, mind you, but she went right over to that studio and worked all night. Just think, fifty dollars! Her ma wants her to grow up and be a movie star."

Twins Once, Now Only Sisters!

The amazing story of the plain Crawford twins and how one of them made herself beautiful

"ALIKE as two peas," everyone used to say of the Crawford girls who lived in one of the progressive little cities of Michigan's upper peninsula. "I'm never quite positive whether it's Marie or Meta I'm speaking to," their father would often say. "There's no telling them apart," declared the neighbors when the twins were of pinafore age. And when Meta passed triumphantly in Algebra—a study in which her high school chums freely predicted her failure—there were some who wondered if it really had been Meta who had been present at that examination.

Both girls were liked by their associates. They were gracious girls, and each had friends aplenty. But credit for this must be given their dispositions—for they were far from beautiful. Indeed, they were frankly homely. Then—in an incredibly short time—came the greatest changes. Meta remained the same likable, but severely plain girl; with the same familiar faults of face and figure. But Marie seemed suddenly to blossom forth. Her entire countenance and complexion took on new aspect. Soon people identified Marie by referring to her as "the *pretty* Crawford twin." And so great was the transformation that she fully merited the designation "pretty" in any gathering of women.



Marie, Today

Here is how this miraculous change was brought about. It is an interesting and significant story for the woman who would look her best. For almost every woman has beauty possibilities of which she never hoped or dreamed. The reader may here jump to a wrong conclusion. What caused these sisters to grow so far apart in personal appearance was not neglect on the part of one, nor even strenuous cultivation of an attractive face and figure by the other twin. In fact, they started together to remedy faults of complexion, eyes, hair, and the many unlovely features that had combined to make them so utterly plain. Their first efforts were identical; both did anything and everything which either heard or read about on the subject of beautifying. They accepted well-meant advice of friends. But their efforts had all been hit or miss. Both had become discouraged, vowing never to try again.

Then, something happened; Marie Crawford learned of a remarkable woman who had made a twenty-year study of beauty. It is doubtful if anyone else ever went about development of beauty methods in so scientific a manner. This woman had gone to the very bottom of the skin structure; her way of clearing complexions and removing blemishes had already made her famous in this field. She had studied facial contour and the tissues of face and neck; she was able to remove the ugly wrinkles, even of years' standing. One hair-health secret which she had uncovered, accomplished all that scalp specialists had been seeking to do for years. Her large offices (devoted exclusively to discovery and development of scientific aids to beauty) had taken the guesswork out of beauty culture.

"I wonder what this remarkable woman's methods could do for *me?*" thought Marie. She decided at any rate to ask. So she wrote her, and this simple act proved a turning point in her whole appearance, and her very outlook on life. She was told things and given things to do that seemed almost to work magic.

What surprised her at the very outset was the utter simplicity of it all. But most surprising was the suddenness with which results were brought about.



The rapid improvements soon proved the new, scientific treatments to be right, and showed her why the old-fashioned things which she and her sister had been doing could never accomplish their purpose. Before long her facial blemishes were gone—all of them. Her skin and color were amazingly benefited. Pores of ugly size were almost invisible now—and blackheads entirely banished. Two particularly ugly lines from nose to mouth had left. The flesh at the point of her chin had been virtually remodelled. An unsightly hollow of the neck was rounded out so perfectly that she no longer had dread of the affairs where gowns revealed neck and shoulders. In time she had brought eyebrows and eyelashes to the point where they were noticeably silken and shapely. There was no denying that Marie Crawford, whatever had been her appearance so short a time back, had stepped into the ranks of women who were deemed "pretty."

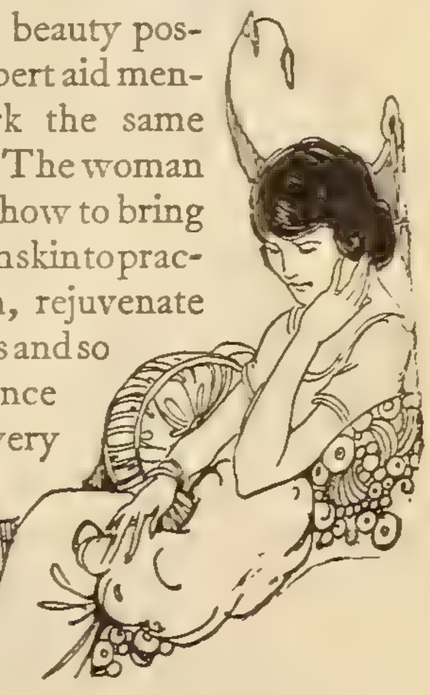
About this time came the country club's dance of the season. That brought full realization of the remarkable change Marie had accomplished in her appearance. It was the first affair to find the twins separated the entire evening. Her card was soon full—and men were asking for "half a dance," and "extras." Back of her laughing denials of being "altogether too popular" was a deep joy, clouded only when she caught sight of sister Meta—alone!



Meta and Marie Crawford When Their Resemblance to Each Other Made the Twins "Alike as Two Peas"

Marie had not wilfully withheld from her sister the secret of her new beauty. But she remembered early experiences with beautifying methods, and feared ridicule should this latest effort fail. Thus had matters progressed until now there remained scarcely a facial resemblance between them. Meta and she could scarcely be taken for sisters—never for twins. Yet it seemed but yesterday that people were mistaking one for the other!

And now for the part that is of such vital import to maid or matron who would make the most of her beauty possibilities. The expert aid mentioned will work the same wonders for *you*. The woman who has learned how to bring any type of human skin to practical perfection, rejuvenate the sagging tissues and so remarkably enhance one's looks in every way is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. She has prepared a book on beauty in which the problems of over 100,000 women have furnished the facts. It tells just how you may learn these principles and apply them with the same swift results. This book is most appropriately called "Making Beauty Yours." If you knew what a single one of these secrets it reveals could mean to your appearance you would send this very hour for your copy! There is no charge, no obligation; just fill out this coupon.

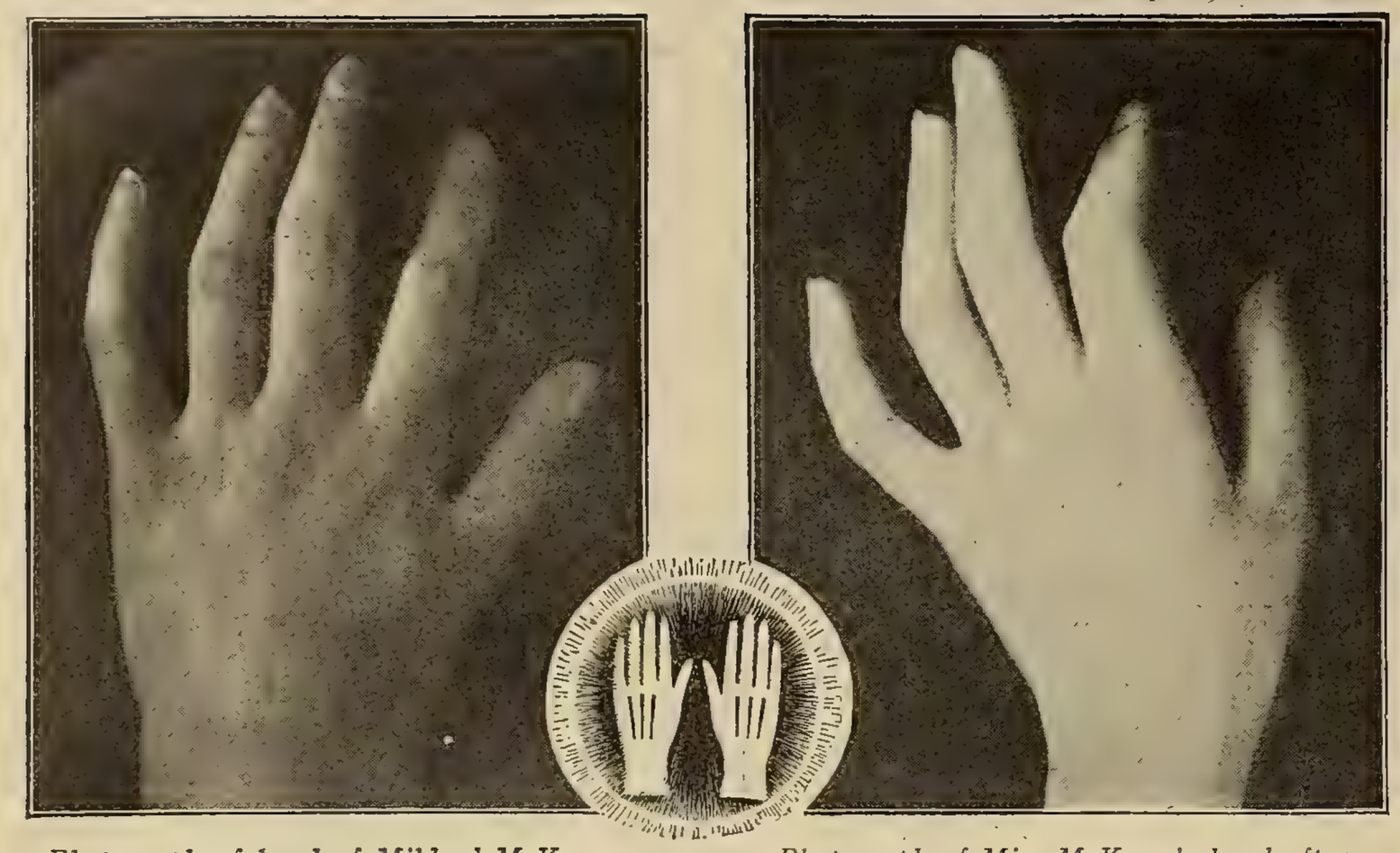


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Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy, LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves

Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing gloves just four nights

Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them ever known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth!

Your hands may be "a sight"; they may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly seared by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.



Wear Them While You Sleep or an Hour or Two a Day While Doing Your Work

No Hands Are Hopeless

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old, take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

Results in One Night

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are uncouth? By your hands more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about your hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to show confidently or hands to hide?

The poignant attraction that lies in pretty hands is now yours to command. The magic of Dr. Egan's impregnated gloves makes it possible. Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to show you.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attrative container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves with or without Pore-Lax Cream, but preferably with it. Dr. Egan's medicated gloves not only beautify the hands but they make manicuring easy because they soften the cuticle.

Special FREE Trial Offer

SEND NO MONEY

See how clean and pleasant the gloves are to wear—how comfortably they fit—no binding. But above all, note the effects in your hands! Your first night's experience with the gloves will prove a revelation. In a week you'll have hands of a beautiful whiteness and softness to marvel at. For the purpose of introducng the wonders of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to the readers of this publication, two thousand orders for the gloves will be filled at the special introductory price of $1.95 (plus postage), which you may pay on delivery. To be sure of securing the benefit of the reduced price, apply promptly. Every pair of gloves sent out on open free trial basis. Your money back if you are not more than surprised and delighted with the results from these remarkable gloves. Act at once and share in the special reduced price offer. Use coupon below or copy the wording in a letter or postcard. Write today—NOW!

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Dr. Egan's is the original Magic Glove Outfit.



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Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman $1.95, (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send $2 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name .....

Address .....

My Glove Size is .....

The Editor's Letter Box

SCREENLAND wants its readers to write about motion pictures—and the best contributed letters will be published in this department. All published letters will be paid for as regular contributions. SCREENLAND is creating this department in order to be in immediate touch with its readers. It wants YOUR opinion—and it will pay YOU for it.

Address all letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

New York City

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

Frederick James Smith's THE SCREEN YEAR IN REVIEW was easily the most important feature of the October SCREENLAND—a timely article of unusual interest.

Mr. Smith's accompanying remarks provoke me to argument. He claims that there is a steady and increasing decline in the market value of stars, and to balance this, a rise in favor of the pictures with featured players—some of whom are erstwhile stars. This latter clause is true enough, proven by the popularity of *Where the Pavement Ends, Driven* and others. But as to the falling stars"—I do not think the really great stars have yet lost their hold. For instance, Mr. Smith mentions the mighty names of Fairbanks, Pickford, Talmadge and Negri as examples of the decline. Pola Negri's *Mad Love* played to two weeks of S. R. O. at the Capitol, and *Bella Donna,* bad as it was, had an equally successful Broadway existence at the Rivoli. I literally fought my way to Norma Talmadge's *The Voice from the Minaret,* also the despair of the critics, and *Within the Law* which had extended runs in all the neighborhood theaters. Perhaps many went to see Pola out of curiosity, but Norma is no novelty. The fans go to see her because they like her as much as ever. You can't get around that. The box office knows. As for Constance, whatever ground she may have lost she lost because for seven or more months after *East Is West* she did not appear. Dulcy will find her as popular as ever because the screen can't afford to lose a clever farceur—the only one it has.

Personally, I think that Fairbanks' popularity is a question of the picture he is in. A marvelous film like *Robin Hood* would compel admiration no matter who the star. With many, Wallace Beery's Richard was the outstanding characterization—the one personality in a memory of gigantic sets

and thousands of extras.

I have never liked Mary Pickford, incredible as it seems and it has always been my contention that her popularity, while undeniably great, is not as great as it has been.

It is my belief that there will always be stars. Rex Ingram's pictures have made Ramon Novarro a star, if not in name, then in box-office value. The big stars like Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and the few others have had many poor pictures and have come through safely. The intangible something that makes them stars regardless of beauty or talent—there are many beautiful and talented people in the movies—will keep them stars as long as they remain on the screen.

On the whole, the year from August 1922 to August 1923 has been an eminently satisfactory one. The coming year should be more so. Better and finer pictures have become a reality—no longer a joke. I think that August 1924 will have seen a new star in the celluloid sky—one hitherto lost in the obscurity of worse than mediocre films—Corinne Griffith, a beauty with brains and personality. She has made her first step forward in *Six Days*, and she is bound for the heights.

Best wishes to SCREENLAND in its praiseworthy ambition to give jaded fans a magazine of youth and humor—a welcome and notable addition to the newsstands.

Yours very truly,
MADGE T. BAUM.

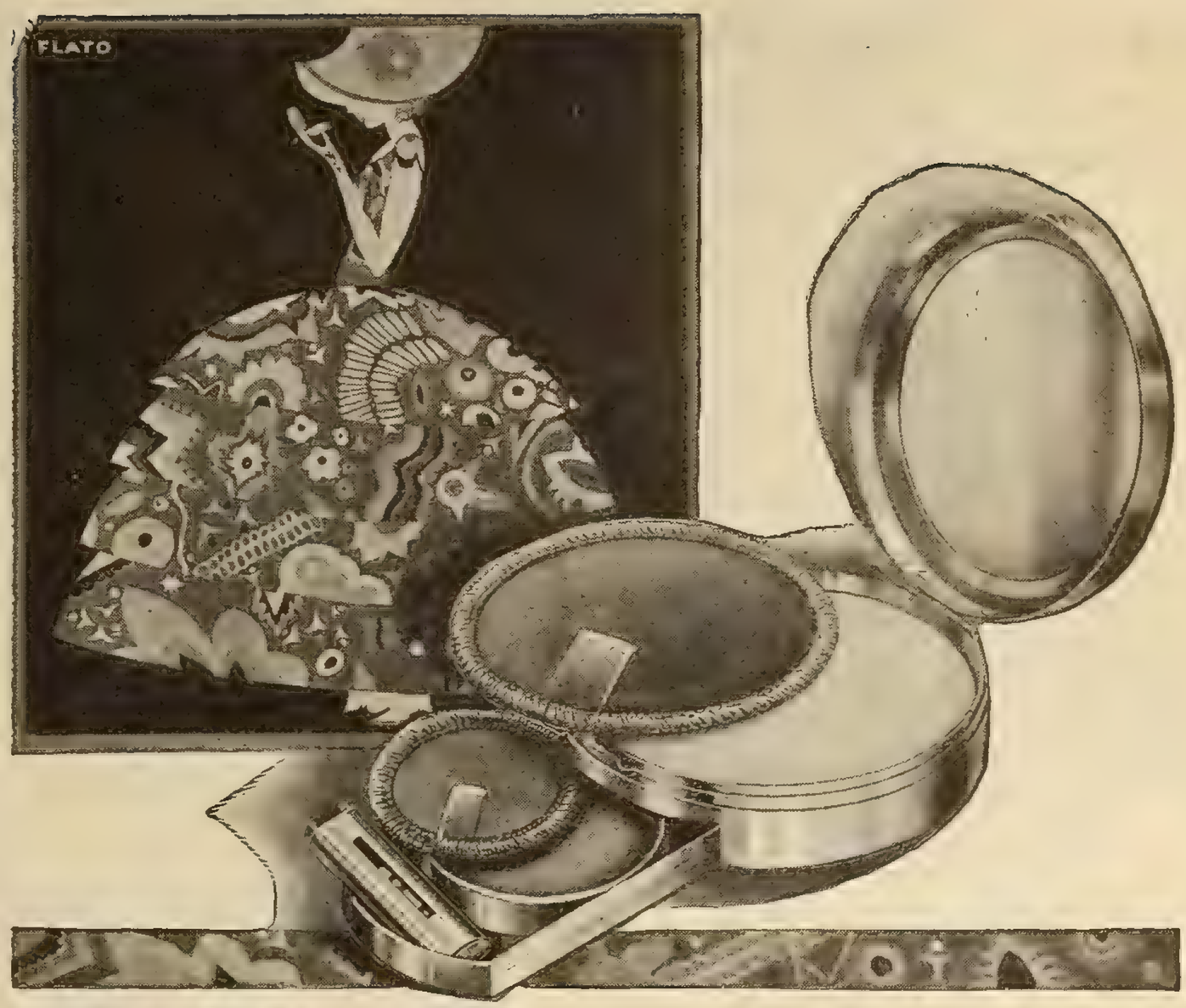
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

This edict might well be entitled, "Much Ado About Everything," for, with your kind permission, there are several matters, cinematic in nature, which I should like to divulge for the sympathetic (or otherwise) perusal of your subscribers.

Resorting to that time-worn adage, attributed to the inventive and philosophical mind of the late P. T. Barnum. "There's one born every minute," or words to that effect, if the tolerance displayed by the long-suffering movie public may be taken as a criterion. Week after week, the two-bit theatres drag forth, from dust-laden seclusion, antiquated films, long forgotten and long out of date, and feature them, in boldly-emblazoned advertisements, as though they were "hot out of the cutting room." And the unsuspecting patrons, seeking restful diversion, pay out their hard-earned money and lightheartedly trip into the theatre, only to

[*Continued on page* 81]



TRE-JUR

so convenient~for it's so complete~

THE TRE-JUR triple compact is genuinely complete. It is a true treasure chest of beauty helps, affording more than any other compact . . . . for besides mere poudre and rouge, it has a lip-stick!

Essentially dainty, the jewel-like case requires no struggling to open—no breaking of finger nails. A deft touch and Milady has her poudre, rouge, lip-stick and mirror all before her at one time. No folding or closing of one compartment to use the other. The beauty helps in the TRE-JUR compact are scented with alluring *Joli-Memoire*—an odour that is subtle and haunting . . . . faintly reminiscent of moonlight strolls . . . of rambles thru summer gardens at twilight. Once you have breathed its piquant fragrance, no other scent will ever do—for *Joli-Memoire* lends you a distinctive charm.

And despite the superiority of the TRE-JUR combination compact, it sells for but $1.25—everywhere. Affording you more, it still *costs less.* Surely, you must try one, and if you have difficulty finding TRE-JUR nearby, mail us cash or stamps and we'll forward one at once.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR: UNITED TOILET GOODS CO.
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Merchants: Write us about TRE-JUR. *We've an interesting, profitable proposition*

The first gray hair—*don't let it scare you!*

Instant Hair Color Restorer

Introductory Price $1.00

A harmless preparation. Used for years by us on our discriminating patrons at our fashionable salon. Will not interfere with the process of Permanent Waving. Will not interfere with any coloring with which you may have previously attempted to restore the color of your hair unsuccessfully. Also will restore Natural Color to present created color you may have acquired by wrong Tonics or Color Restorers. Introductory price, $1. Booklet on request. Write or call at our charmingly appointed Hair-Tinting Salon. Phone Bryant 88774.



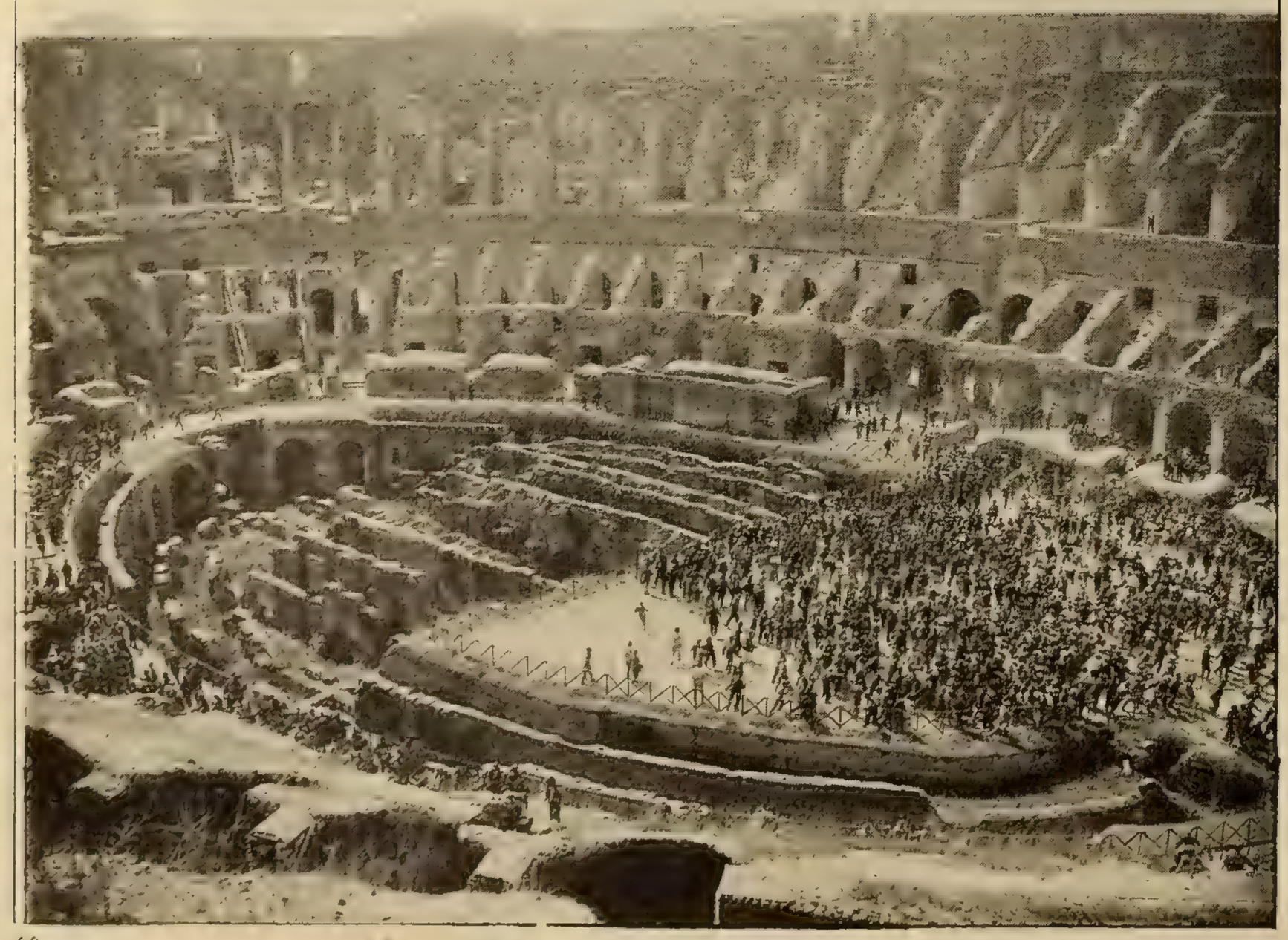
CHARLES FREY, *Hair Specialist,* 574 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Experts in attendance to care for your hair and face



¶ The Samuel Goldwyn Company, headed by Barbara La Marr, has just returned from Rome where most of Hall Caine's The Eternal City has been filmed. In the cast, besides Miss La Marr, were Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett and Bert Lytell. The pictures on this page, however, concern the ornate Barbara.

In the ETERNAL City





¶ At the left is a big scene of The Eternal City, shot by George Fitzmaurice, the director, in the ancient Colosseum itself. All of which should give a note of authenticity and interest to the Caine drama. The pictures of Miss La Marr were caught in the famous royal gardens in Rome.

come out, disappointed and disillusioned, vowing never to "bite" again. But, like the game prize fighter, who doesn't know when he's whipped, they (myself included) always "go back for more."

Seriously, though, it would be a good thing for humanity in general, if the Producers would abandon the ill-founded idea that the Public is anxious to see Mary Pickford, or Doug Fairbanks, or Charlie Chaplin in a film that was hashed out long before these stars of today reached the point of finesse, which makes them so popular. And then, too, the old-fashioned styles in vogue at the time, and the "tin-type" effect which old films always seem to have, are not altogether soothing to the ultra-modern eye.

Surely there are enough present-day films on the market to keep all of the theatres busy, and the patrons in good-humor, without hoodwinking the film fans with "stone age stuff."

So much for that. Having just recently viewed the latest efforts of the popular comedian, Douglas MacLean, I am prompted to wonder if he is on good terms with the gentleman who selects the stories in which he appears. *Sunshine Trail* fell far below the mark of "a great success," in my estimation, as have most of the preceding productions featuring the likable Doug.

Ever since the filming of *Twenty-Three and One-Half Hours Leave,* and others in which Douglas MacLean appeared with Doris May, the former has held a place in my coterie of film favorites. But of late, I have found it hard to enthuse over his efforts, not because of any shortcomings on the part of Douglas himself, but mainly because of the mediocre stories in which he plays. Even *The Hottentot* was a second-rater, notwithstanding the publicity which heralded its coming.

Yours for better movies,
R. T. PATTERSON.

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND:

I saw this interesting paragraph in my October SCREENLAND, and as I have been a reader since the first number, and will remain one until the last, I am taking this opportunity to express my opinions through the medium of your pages. I really don't know why I enjoy SCREENLAND so much, I think it is because it is so different. While the other film magazines follow the same formula, SCREENLAND dares to be original,—says what it thinks. That is why it appeals to me.

[*Continued on page* 83]



The Melodramic Comedy Hit of the Year

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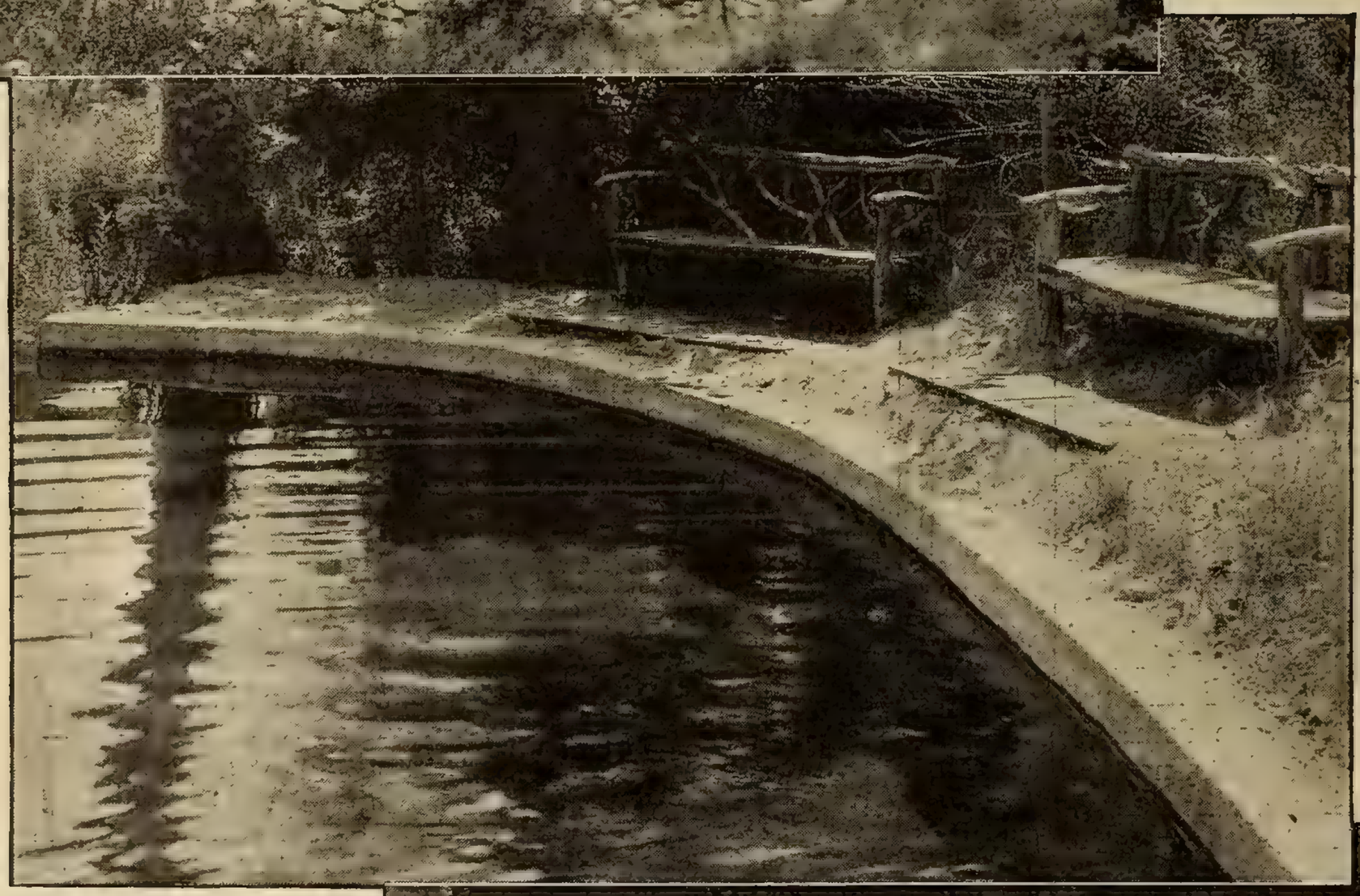
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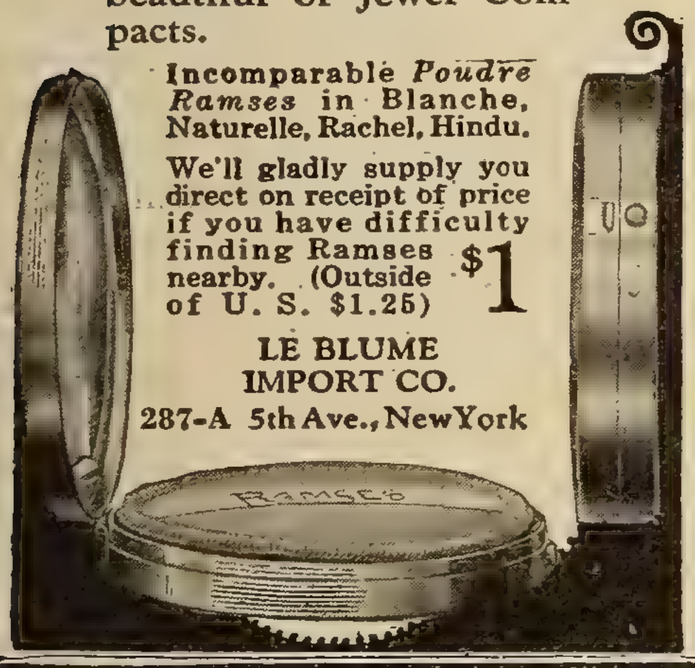


¶Cecil B. De Mille's mountain ranch, Paradise, is located twenty miles from Hollywood. The estate numbers 600 acres and here C. B. raises apples, melons, pears and alfalfa.



¶At the top is a picture of the dressing room bungalows at "Paradise," in the center is the mountain stream dammed to form a 5000-foot swimming pool, and, at the right, is the porch of the clubhouse. The dilapidated hammock in the background of the lower picture is C. B's exclusive residence while resting at "Paradise."







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I am just another film-goer who deplores the fact that should a player contribute something worth while to the screen they are invariably signed up with some company for a period of years, and so often are slowly, but surely killed simply through unintelligent casting. Dorothy Gish is an excellent example. Remember her brilliant work in *Hearts of the World?* Because she made a name for herself in that production, she was at once signed up and "starred." And what happened? I almost lost sight of this talented girl, and when I did see her she was struggling through absurd pictures like *Peppy Polly,* and *Battling Jane* parts that would strifle a genius. It is only this year that Dorothy came into her own with her superb work in *Fury.* Here is the type of role she should always be given. Dorothy is not an ingenue, she is a "Type" and especial care should be given players of this run to get them the parts most suited to their own peculiar genius.

Then there is May McAvoy. In *Sentimental Tommy* she won recognition overnight. And because she showed talent she was at once awarded a nice starring contract from Paramount. We all know the result. Kept off the screen for several months, she was cast as background for Agnes Ayres in *Clarence.* She stole the picture. Then came *The Top of New York.* May was horribly miscast here. Imagine *Grizel* with a blonde bobbed wig looking too cute for words, if you can. So May struggled on. She acored again in *Kick In.* I hear that she is to free-lance. I am glad, because as a free-lance, she will have a better chance to find herself.

Nita Naldi, whose brilliant *Dona Sol* brought her fame, is another star continually miscast. A few more of these silly society vamp type of roles will ruin her completely. And Betty Compson, who won fame as *Rose* in *The Miracle Man.* What cheap, shallow roles have been her lot since then. Till now I rate her with my fairly good players,—through no fault of her own. Then there is Leatrice Joy, who gave us the unforgetable *Lydia Thorne.* Since then she has had only one good part, with Neilan in *Minnie* Leatrice is one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses and some day, with the right role she is going to prove it. And so I could go on through the list.

And what is at the root of this evil? There are several things, but first and foremost is the star system, which I am glad to see is on the decline. The players are bonded to a certain company at a good salary for a number of years. They are given a lot of publicity to "put them across." This system is responsible for so much mis-



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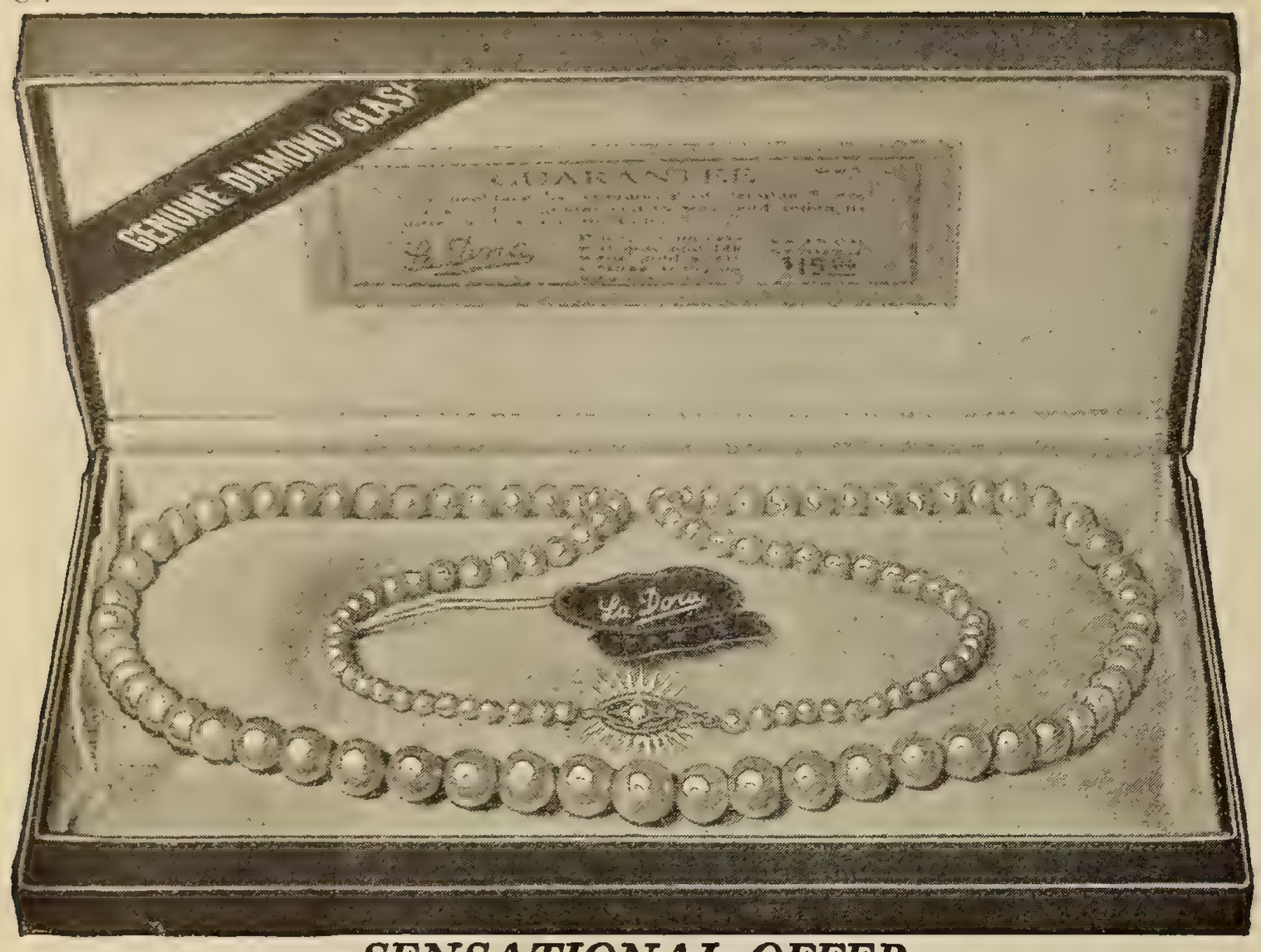
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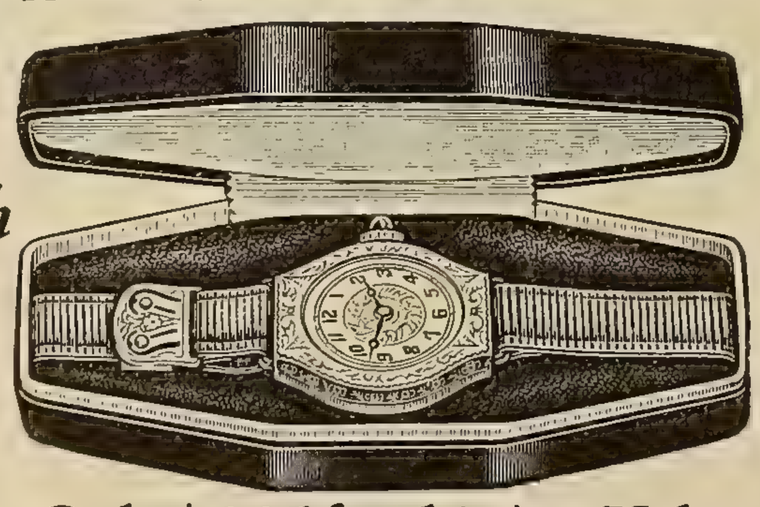
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casting. Do you think that when an actor is sure of his fixed income he will give his best work? Of course he won't. Think of how Dorothy Dalton has gone on getting worse with every picture. I understand she has one of the best contracts in the business. But continual miscasting in ingenue roles, has lost her much of her following, and given her a poor reputation. Here is another vivid type actress. Remember her *Poll* in *Fool's Paradise*. For just as characters are written to suit a certain star's style, so too are certain players made to fill certain roles.

When a film is in the making, and the characters are being assembled, how easy it would be to get right people for the roles if they were not already sold to some other company. I understand Goldwyn is still looking for a "Ben Hur." Ramon Novarro is the man for this role. He has grace of body, good looks, and above all youth. Yet because he is under contract to Metro, I don't expect he will get the role. Such is the evil of contracts.

Now we will look at the other side, the "free-lance players, those who are not signed up, but flit from company to company, always adding laurels to their name. And they are given a much larger scope for their talents. Three of the best known are Barbara La Marr, Anne Q. Nilsson, and Pauline Starke. I have never seen these girls give a disappointing portrayal on the screen. The gorgeous Barbara improves with every picture, the blonde Nilsson is always worth an evening, and Miss Starke grows more wistful and appealing with each role. I think I have illustrated what I mean pretty plainly. And I hope the day will come when players are

[*Continued on next page*]

MR. GRIFFITH SPEAKS OUT!

¶ The famous director is going to tell you his real story in the January issue.

¶ For the first time you will learn of some of the difficulties—mostly financial—that have beset him since he made *Intolerance*.

¶ There's a distinctly human story here, as it is related by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the January Screenland

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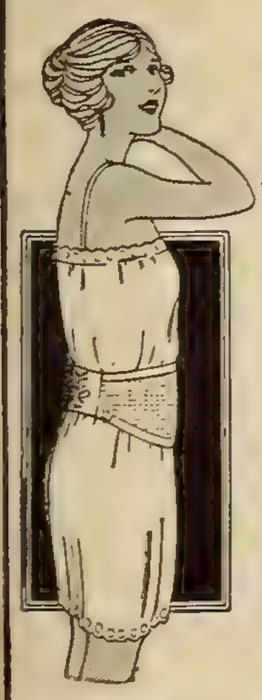
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cast intelligently, in parts to which they are most suited. After seeing the *Young Rajah* I don't blame Valentino for revolting. Any intelligent player would have done the same. For the surest way to ruin a star is to cast him in the wrong roles, not once but continually.

From a sincere reader,
EDWIN R. SIMPSON.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

To my mind, the greatest mistake that is made in pictures today is the miscasting of the best and most capable actors and actresses. It cannot be possible that they have anything to say about the parts they have to portray—or I back out gracefully. Next to miscasting, I think trying to mix in a little sugar is the most deadly sin.

Will you ever forget how *Merry Go Round* suddenly simmered out into a classic for nine year old minds?

Or how much like a college boy Tommy Meighan didn't look in the *Ne'er Do Well*?

Or how much like God Theodore Roberts looked when his prodigal *dotter* came swooping back into his saintly, satisfied, paternal arms, moaning "I've come home to my Daddy"?

Or how, the morning after having seen *Racing Hearts* the night before, no one could remember what picture they had seen, excepting that it was about automobiles?

And will you ever forget the way Monte Blue kissed his mother and wept when he was going out to meet his gel in the moonlight? Or how like a kangaroo he gamboled around in the kitchen in his apron—so pure and everything!

Java Head: If Leatrice Joy looked like a Manchu princess, I'll kiss a pig. (And all the time Jetta Goudal would look like one.)

And all the time we *adore* those stars—the criticism is for the people responsible for all the mush that is handed out for amusement of the dear public and often redeemed by the mere presence of some of the above named artists.

Sincerely,
JOY O'HARA.

Chicago, Ill.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
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the screen is quite a leap, but you have made it, quickly and successfully. I cannot keep from saying a few words in praise of SCREENLAND, and why I choose it the best of any screen magazine. I read all of them, and they are the same. They have an answer man, the former have half their pages covered with worthless advertisements and the same things inside. Your idea of having the gallery in two parts is superb and your articles are entirely different from those in other magazines. I'm fed up on interviews and, thank goodness, SCREENLAND don't have a mob of those in every issue.

I think the ten best pictures I have ever seen are:

1. *The Girl of the Golden West.*
2. *Prisoner of Zenda.*
3. *The Last of the Mohicans.*
4. *Safety Last.*
5. *Hearts of the World.*
6. *The Birth of a Race.*
7. *Tol'able David.*
8. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.*
9. *Grandma's Boy.*
10. *Orphans of the Storm.*

Certainly those deserving honorable mention are *When Knighthood Was in Flower, Borderland, Manslaughter, Someone Must Pay* and *The Girl Who Stayed at Home.*

Lillian Gish is undoubtedly the greatest actress on the screen. Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford cannot compare with her. She, and not Mary, is "America's Sweetheart."

After Lillian, our ten best are—2. Alice Terry, 3. Barbara La Marr, 4. Norma Talmadge, 5. Mabel Normand, 6. Agnes Ayres, 7. Eileen Sedgwick, 8. Pauline Starke, 9. Bessie Love and Mary Astor.

The best acting of the year goes to Bessie Love in *Human Wreckage.*

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.

Albany, N. Y.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

This is to be just a few lines of appreciation for your very interesting magazine—it has readily attained its object of being "different."

When movies first began to become an important factor in public life, and before that, I was a decided fan on any and all subjects relating to the same, but of late years, all the magazines seemed to be so very vacuous and sugary in their "yes" blight (they still suffer as much as the movies themselves) that I am forced to confess that my enthusiasm for things movie has almost withered away. My pleasure

in discovering your magazine therefore, has been extraordinary. I think you will find hundreds of people who feel as I do, and will rejoice in a magazine whose statements anent the movie world can be accepted without our having a sneaking idea that it's all "press stuff." I am sure, also, that your constructive criticism will be a great help to the movie world as well as a delight to the readers.

You are fortunate in having such a witty and brilliant staff of writers—each and every one seems perfect to me,—Delight Evans is particularly entertaining. But then, I have thoroughly enjoyed each and every line from cover to cover and happily agree with Frederick James Smith's review of the year. Possibly it is egoism, but I thoroughly enjoy reading things that agree with my own ideas on movie subjects—and thank the powers that you do not have sticky, oozy, and thoroughly insincere interviews. In short, SCREENLAND is the only magazine that approaches the movie world from a sensible standpoint.

Here's wishing you all kinds of success.

Sincerely,
(MRS.) GERTRUDE STICKLE.

Cut The Comedy

—From Page 60

into drama. She first met Charlie Chaplin, when she had her arm in splints as the result of an automobile accident. She met Charlie at a party, and he inquired after her arm, and asked her if she didn't want to go into the pictures. She thought it was a joke and said surely she did. She supported Charlie in one of his early pictures and didn't like her work a bit. She thought he would never ask her to work in another. But he did. She appeared in his support in picture after picture, but her first chance at dramatic acting came in *The Kid*. She did so well that Charlie starred her in *A Woman of Paris*.

The success she achieved in this picture led Chaplin to form a company for her on his lot. She is to star in a series of dramatic stories, which Chaplin will supervise. No more comedies for Edna.

Sic transit gloria comediae. We mourn their loss. There are plenty of dramatic actresses now, but painfully few comediennes. As the poet so aptly put it:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Weep and it gives you the laugh."

$1.00 Brings You Any of these Beautiful Xmas Gifts

Positively the biggest Xmas offer ever made! Send a dollar—mention gift desired. That's all. We ship at once. All shipping charges prepaid. If satisfied pay 10% monthly. Otherwise return and we refund deposit! Do your Xmas shopping NOW!

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X14—14kt. solid white gold wrist watch. 15 jewel guaranteed movement $21.00

X12—Fancy pierced ladies white gold ring fine blue white diamond $48.

X1—Birthstone ring, white gold, any month $12.

X6—Genuine hand carved cameo solid gold ring $16.

X10—Fancy white gold ladies ring 2 fine diamonds one blue saphire $57.50.

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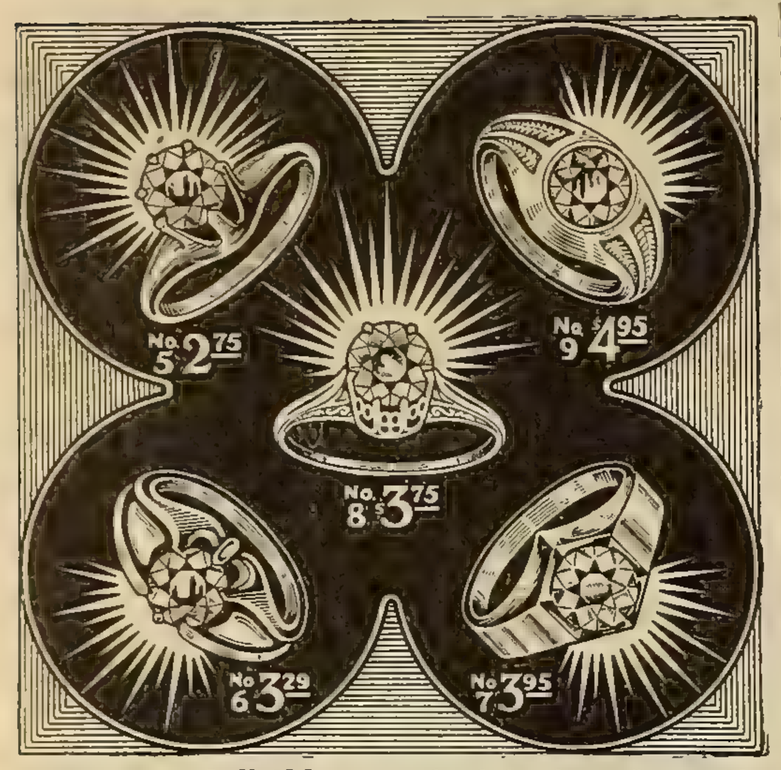
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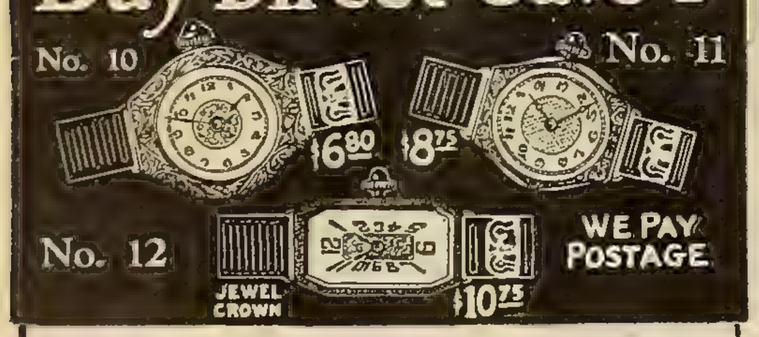
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The Pose Pays

—*From page 58*

secret of his heart, that is, that he wanted to play tragedy roles. It is all so confusing.

As I have said, the mother stuff is one of the best gags of all. If a star has no mother she must acquire one immediately. Mothers are a great institution. They always have an air of respectability about them. I could name a long list of stars who drag their mothers about with them upon all occasions and attempt to make them interesting "copy" for interviewers.

Bebe Daniels has made great capital of her mother to counteract the effect of the roles she plays. Screen hoydens and tom boys must always have sweet home lives and good, kind watchful mothers.

Pola and Her Temperament

POLA NEGRI had a hard time when she came to this country. At first she could not find her niche. Some kind person had told her that she should be high brow and up stage. She was temperamental and she showed it until a well paid publicity man took her in hand and showed her the fallacy of her pose. She is now more than charming and sincere to all comers. But it is rumored that she speaks English fluently and uses an accent only when talking to newspaper men and interviewers.

Among the men, poses are not so

[*Continued on page 90*]

A remarkable study of
RODOLPH VALENTINO
By Rolf Armstrong

will adorn the cover of the Christmas issue of SCREENLAND, the January number, out on the first of December.

¶ Be sure to reserve your copy now, for this striking color study of our own Rudy will be in great demand.

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Norma Talmadge

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SCREENLAND PRINT DEPT.
119 West 40th Street New York City

Directory *of* New York Speaking Theaters

APOLLO—*Poppy.* Madge Kennedy better than ever and W. C. Fields a riot. Here is the real musical hit of the new season.

BELASCO—*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.* Dull English comedy with Mrs. Fiske as first aid. Very, very polite stuff.

BOOTH—*The Seventh Heaven.* One of the long run hits of the New York theatres.

BROADHURST—*The Good Old Days.* A brisk comedy of the Volstead Act, before and after taking. George and Charles Winninger assist the production materially.

CASINO—*Wildflower.* Attractive musical score with ingratiating cast.

COHAN—*Adrienne.* One of the most entertaining musical shows of the summer. Good score and a good company. Enlivened by Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

COMEDY—*Children of the Moon,* a tragedy built around family lunacy. Considerably talked about just now. Henrietta Crosman in cast.

CORT—*Merton of the Movies.* Much of the delightful satire of the book preserved in dramatic form. The one satire of the movies, well done by Glenn Hunter.

EARL CARROLL—*Vanities of 1923.* A summer revue, with Peggy Hopkins as the star.

ELTINGE—*The Woman on the Jury.* A drama of the effect of the feminine gender on a jury box in an important criminal case.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET—*Zeno.* Full of battle, murder and sudden death. Almost the ultimate in mystery dramas for such as likes 'em.

FRAZEE—*Tweedles.* Delightful Booth Tarkington—George Leon Wilson comedy with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon as the usual adolescent lovers.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* Amusing comedy from London, with Cyril Maude as the chief gentle funmaker.

GARRICK—*The Devil's Disciple.* Revolutionary drama with a typical George Bernard Shaw last act.

GLOBE—Fifth edition of George White's *Scandals.* Profligate display of costumes and settings and a cast of more than ordinary worth. Best show of the White series.

KLAW—*The Breaking Point.* A drama of amnesia, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. McKay Morris has the leading role.

LIBERTY—*Magnolia.* Old time Mississippi river gambling days told in gilded drama by Booth Tarkington. Pleasant enough.

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard.* Avery Hopwood song play that has charm—and Irene Bordini. Which is enough. Ingratiating.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain.* Powerful and absorbing drama of morals and ethics in the South Seas, superbly done by Jeanne Eagels.

MOROSCO—*Red Light Annie.* Lively stuff about cocaine, gats and gum shoe men. You may like it.

PLAYHOUSE—*We've Got to Have Money.* A fast moving comedy of finances and romance, with Robert Ames in the leading role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose.* An Irish-Hebrew comedy of prejudices wiped away by the patter of little feet. Has been running more than a year.

RITZ—*In Love with Love.* Light stuff but entertaining. AND there's Lynn Fontaine to help matters.

SAM H. HARRIS—*Peter Weston.* Creaky drama of a family ground down by a tyrant, with Frank Keenan as the household czar.

SELWYN—*Helen of Troy, N. Y.* A smart musical comedy, with a vein of satire, plenty of laughs and a score that is whistleable without being pretentious. Queenie Smith makes it doubly enjoyable.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models.* The Shuberts undress the girls further than any one has attempted West of the Folies Bergere in Paris. My, my!

VANDERBILT—*Two Fellows and a Girl.* A comedy of adolescence by Vincent Lawrence; prepared for home consumption by George M. Cohan.

WINTER GARDEN—*Greenwich Village Follies of* 1923. More beautiful and lavish than ever.

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necessary. Trade-marks will suffice. Theodore Roberts must have his cigar. Lon Chaney must have his make up. They could not work without them.

Even the children must pose. Jackie Coogan was started out as a child prodigy. We were told that he was a genius in all lines, but the American public is afraid of geniuses. We have a "just folks" complex. That is a part of our great democratic scheme of things. So Jackie was forced to abandon the intelligent pose and become a regular kid, like any other boy. He must play with hoops and be spanked when he is naughty to make the public love him and think, "He's just like any one else, even if he is a millionaire."

A general rule for stars is that they must not be temperamental. They must be respectable above all things. They must be just common ordinary folk. That will invariably give them a large chunk of the great American heart for their very own.

It is really a pity. It is too bad that a star cannot be a star and retain her own personality. But it cannot be done, it seems. It is an unwritten law among press agents that things must not be what they seem. Bathing girls must read Shakespeare and geniuses must be regular guys.

True Life Story of Charlie Chaplin

—From Page 20

It was during the Essanay engagement that Charlie was made an offer to appear at Madison Square Garden, New York, for two weeks. He was to be given $25,000 just to appear with his famous make-up and do anything he wanted to—chiefly "walk funny." Charlie wanted to go. He dreaded the idea of making appearance in person but $25,000 is quite some dough. However Essanay patrons were howling for more Chaplin pictures. Two weeks meant a two reeler delayed or gone, so Essanay paid Charlie the $25,000 and he didn't have to make the appearances at Madison Square Garden.

The end of the year found Charlie with the snug little sum of $150,000 in the bank. He was rich. And every producer in the picture business was willing to make him an offer. The now defunct Mutual made the biggest. John Freuler, president of the concern, offered $670,000 for a year's work. Of this amount the sum of $150,000 was

The Magazine With a Heart



When the first issue of REAL LIFE STORIES made its bow to these United States, we received a flood of congratulations; but the thing which touched us the most was the verdict of a mother of six children, who laid aside housework long enough to read that first number:

"It's a magazine with a heart," she wrote us.

And we have decided to adopt that sincere tribute of an Alabama housewife and mother as the slogan of our new book. The heart is a great composite heart—the hearts of all our readers welded into a great, throbbing vessel, which carries the life-blood of the magazine through its valves.

HERE'S YOUR DECEMBER ISSUE.

We believe the December issue is a thoroughly good magazine. Here are the stories:

The Amazing Story of Gilda Grey
What Becomes of "Missing Girls"?
My Discarded Wife
The Flapper Menace
Red Roses—or White?
The Tide Goes Out
Traumerei
The High Heart
Redeemed
The Haunted Studio
The Village Dressmaker
Forever
A Home-town Girl
The Moon Child
King's X
The Missionary's Wife

And eight pages of theatrical and screen pictures in rotogravure, including the latest and spiciest gossip of stage and screen.

In January begins a strong novel of modern marriage, **Sisters of Jezebel.**

Because we sincerely believe in REAL LIFE STORIES, we ask you to get into the habit of reading it—for it is *your* magazine—a magazine of real life for real people. Out Nov. 15, 25¢ the copy.

REAL LIFE STORIES

119 West 40th St., New York City

to be in cash upon the signing of the contract and the remainder paid at the rate of $10,000 weekly, the largest salary ever offered anyone for anything, I believe.

When Sid Chaplin, Charlie's brother, returned from the East after negotiating the Mutual contract with a certified check for the initial payment, Charlie said: "Well anyhow, we've got the $150,000." He didn't believe that there was such a thing possible as a $10,000 weekly salary, and that it would never really materialize. Neither did the public at large, despite the published photographs of checks and other evidences spread broadcast throughout the press. But the salary was paid as the world knows, and those who paid it made millions out of the Chaplin comedies.

The Famous Million Dollar Contract

THEN came the famous million dollar contract with First National which incidentally was the actual foundation upon which that prosperous co-operative association of theater men was builded. The deal was for eight two reel pictures at a total figure of $1,000,000 with an additional amount for each extra reel should a picture warrant additional length.

Charlie might just as well have made the million in the next twelve or eighteen months. As a matter of fact the First National people rather expected he would, and those who had appraised him as a keen-scented money hound were quite sure he would. But Charlie was taking his work more seriously each day. He felt more and more that people expected great things from him. It was approximately five years before the contract was concluded with the delivery of *The Pilgrim*.

But it was a great five years. It began with *A Dog's Life* which many regard as the greatest comedy he ever produced. Those who don't think so, award the palm to *Shoulder Arms* which followed, or to *The Kid* which came two years after. Both of these established new records for financial returns. *Shoulder Arms* was the first slapstick comedy to do a gross rental business of more than $1,000,000. *The Kid* brought Chaplin $800,000 in cash after much haggling because of First National's ambition to get it at the contract rate. Even at Chaplin's price, it proved a rare bargain for First National exhibitors.

Making Shoulder Arms

SHOULDER ARMS had also been intended as a feature length comedy but the distributors voted against paying





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the additional cost and it was cut down to three reels. Coming out during the world war it also served the purpose of minimizing the criticism which had been levelled at Chaplin by his countrymen for not joining the colors when the demand for cannon fodder was at its peak. Although bitterly assailed by a section of the English press for not returning home, Charlie never said a word in his own defense; nor did he ever allow publicity concerning his many war relief contributions.

Personally, I always regarded his wartime policy as a serious mistake on his part. It would have been a simple matter to appear before the representative of his government in Los Angeles, as thousands of others of his countrymen did, and offer himself for service. The examining physician would have taken one look at him when he had stripped to a meager 110 pounds and sent him back to make more comedies. He couldn't have passed an examination at that time to enter a boys' military academy.

Charlie's Radical Tendencies

During that period and subsequently there had been much gossip concerning Charlie's radical tendencies. As a matter of fact he had never made any secret of his desire to learn all there was to know of the various forms of political and economic agitation. He took an especial delight in meeting noted radicals. I believe that he got some sort of "kick" out of their revolutionary chatter. During the war of course, there was an element of danger attached to such associations and utterances.

I don't know if Charlie has ever learned of it but during his entire Liberty Loan tour in the early part of 1918 he was under the surveillance of federal agents because one of his entourage had been quite unjustly reported as being a pro-German radical. I doubt if Charlie knows that his name even now appears on the records of the Department of Justice agents who are detailed to keep their fingers on the pulse of Red activities in this country.

The only definite reason for such suspicions, beyond friendly relations with those involved, is that Charlie is supposed to have contributed to the upkeep of several radical publications. He couldn't do less than donate a little something after the entertainment he had been accorded by their various sponsors or editors. And they were contributing to *his* education, for Char-

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Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND, and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for $1.00

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St., New York City

lie is a persistent seeker after truth, a diligent delver into the complexities of life. He wants to know why people are satisfied or dissatisfied; why they react to this or that. He takes a special delight in meeting prominent people and dissecting them. He loves to take apart a famous personage and discover what makes him tick.

Chaplin's Interest in the Famous

Some years ago, a famous English actor, now dead, came to Hollywood. It wasn't long before Charlie managed to meet him. It was a great thrill for him because in London this personage was as far out of Charlie's reach as the king himself. But within a week after the first meeting, Charlie gave orders that if Sir What's-His-Name called up, he wasn't "at home." In that time Charlie had plumbed the intellectual depths of his famous countryman.

As fast as they are squeezed dry they are cast aside. And if they ever get into the Chaplin studio once they are passed up and "given the air," they can qualify for Houdini's job.

Year by year, Chaplin has grown mentally, partly through reading but more largely through his associations. Famous people who call upon him and then give out statements to the papers invariably refer to his brilliant mentality. There was a time, I am firmly convinced, when Charlie fooled some of them. His brilliance was just a reflection of another's mentality. Perhaps it was Karl Marx, or Wilde, or Shaw. He could, in uttering the most commonplace platitude, make his fascinated hearer believe that he was giving forth scintillant spontaneous comment on a vital topic. I may be mistaken and perhaps may be doing him an injustice in picturing him as a poseur, but at that time it always seemed that the things Charlie said had a familiar sound.

Finding Way to Mental Independence

It's quite different now though. He has gradually found the way to independent thought. He doesn't have to lean on another's mental props. Nowadays, when he makes a wild irresponsible statement, it is with the definite purpose of drawing a certain response or reaction.

For some time Charlie's closest friends have been Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Edward Knoblock, the English playwright. It is a rare treat to listen in on them—the brilliant but utterly phlegmatic Knoblock; the ebullient, effervescent Doug; the sensible, both-feet-on-the-ground Mary and Charlie trying to convince the trio of something or other, declaiming histrionically with lighting and mechanical effects. And the argument usually ends or simmers into a down-to-earth, honest to-goodness discussion when Mary says: "Now Charlie, you're just talking and not thinking."

Charlie has always been addicted to fads which have ranged from socialism to the Dr. Abrams electronic system of diagnosis and treatment of all human ailments. Just at present, I understand, he is convalescing from the latter.

And the Ladies!

And then of course: The Ladies!

It seems as though there has always been a girl just around the corner, so to speak. At least according to the newspapers and magazines which specialize in the gossip of the film luminaries. And how the public does "eat it up!"

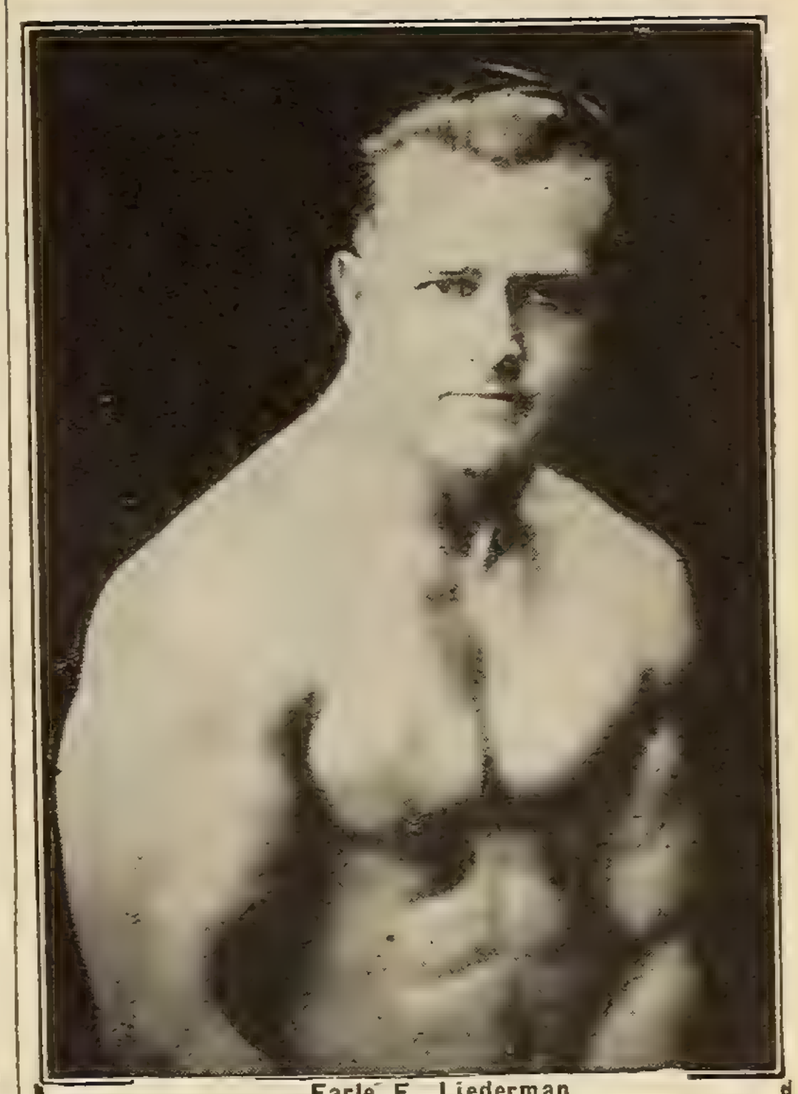
Well, there will be no drawing aside of boudoir curtains here. Let future biographers with a better command of the language of Eros attend to that. Only this tiny bit of gossip, that the dynamic Pola will not, according to present indications, ever sign her name as "Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin."

I have always thought, and always will think, that women are only "copy" to Charlie. He is insatiable in his research into human emotions and women furnish an inexhaustible supply of interesting and puzzling emotions.

Movie Gossip of Hollywood and New York —From Page 75

The Listening Post

to recall the days of Weber and Fields you undoubtedly remember Frankie Bailey, who a couple decades ago was regarded as the premier chorus girl of them all. All she had to do in the various revues and burlesques of that period was to just let herself be seen. Tired business men used to go just to see Frankie's figger and saps with a leaning to rhyme found delight in inditing odes to Frankie's nifty ankles, etc. All of which is preliminary to the fact that Miss Bailey is in charge of the theatrical make-up department of a Hollywood drug store that caters to the film trade. Oh, yes, she's been playing in pictures



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

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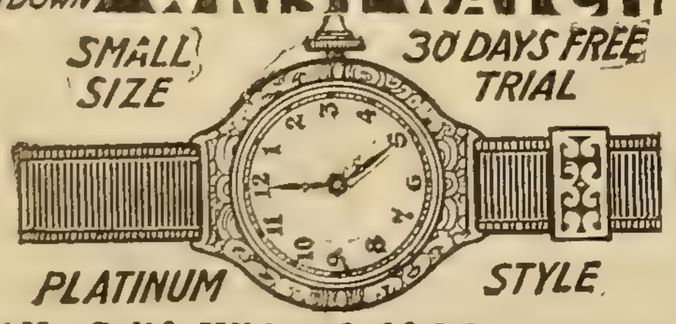
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too. Perhaps you remember the Roman cut-back in C. B's. *Manslaughter* with all the naked wimmen, 'n' everything. Well, Frankie was in it and—irony of fate, hers was the only feminine form in that pyrotechnic display of limbs and limbs that was fully clothed!

Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model

AFTER some high flights in art, the screen is apparently in for a relapse. Emmett Flynn came on to New York to film *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.* Dear old *Nellie* was the poor gal who founded the fortunes of A. H. Woods. Claire Windsor probably will be Nellie while Lew Cody will be the villain who says "Little one, why do you fear me?"

HOBART HENLEY, who has been turning out some excellent pictures for Universal is now filming Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil.* Three of Hollywood's leading flappers are in it—Eileen Percy, Pauline Garon and Eleanor Boardman.

THE farming out of contract players has become one of the leading industries of Hollywood. Among recent quotations on film folk were: Ken Harlan, $2250 weekly; Jane Novak, $2500; Jack Mulhall, $1000; Helene Chadwick, $1500 and Lon Chaney, $2500.

FRANK BORZAGE is to direct the next Norma Talmadge production, a picturization of the stage play, *Secrets.* Borzage had his own producing company but it didn't do so well.

The Bad Taste of Our Film Stars

—From Page 29

evening. There is a variety of sport shoes in suede and buckskin which may be worn out of doors.

Evening gowns should never be trimmed with fur.

Ermine is always beautiful but only for evening wear. It should never be worn in the daytime. Although I did see a French tennis star step upon the courts at Forest Hills for the championship games with an elaborate wrap of ermine over her sport costume. Once in a while a touch of ermine may be used on a black velvet frock for afternoon wear at very special functions, but never at any other time.

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JEWELRY is always bad taste except in the evening. Even then it must be



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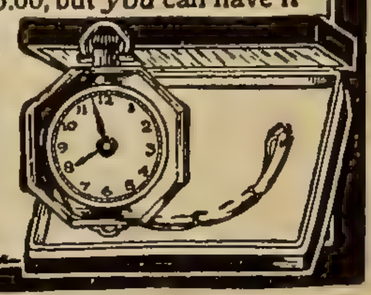


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chosen carefully.

Pearls, for the woman who has real pearls, may be worn during the day or in the evening except with a sport costume. Or a bracelet, if not of diamonds. Bar pins long enough to span the Hudson will never bridge the distance between good and bad taste in dress even in the movies. A plain ring is always permissible if the wearer does not wish to remove it for some sentimental reason.

There are a few occasions when a woman should not appear well dressed on the screen. After shipwreck, fire or flood too careful grooming is an offense against common sense.

Some time ago I saw an intelligent actress shipwrecked on a Broadway screen. She had been washed ashore without even an over-night bag. She spent a year picking berries and eating trout. One day a man-of-war rescued her. Ten minutes after she arrived on shipboard she dashed out of the Captain's cabin in a natty sailor suit which fitted her perfectly. If Uncle Sam's navy carries a wardrobe woman to look after these maidens in distress none but the screen directors have heard about it.

Another time I saw Ethel Clayton carried into a convent after shipwreck. The place was out of the way. Yet Miss Clayton was clothed almost immediately in a warm negligee of the latest fashion.

Greater wonders than these nothing but the screen can show.

¶ *Delight Evan's Satire upon Stellar Statements — From page 37*

How They Achieved

just the heroine for my pictures."

So Lydia Lukewarm soon became a household name. Her family took her on again. Back here we go to see all her pictures, and it always seems to me that in every part she plays, she looks a lot like she used to as Spring in "The Coming of Spring."

Sidelights on Sylvester Simplex

SYLVESTER SIMPLEX—A few Success Sidelights on the great actor, by himself:

As the producer, star, scenario writer, director, and best pal of the Sylvester Simplex Productions, I feel that I owe it to my Public, whose humble servant I am, to tell a few of the factors in what this same Public is pleased to term my success.

That Sylvester who has so often smiled at you from the silversheet—and believe me, my dear friends, that smile is from the heart—was once just a boy like you—and you—and you. A very human little rascal, too—up to mischief most of the time, playing tricks on his teachers, oh, any number of little boyish pranks. At an early age I learned sleight-of-hand, and used to amuse the trades-people, particularly, with my accomplishments along this line. I was a good boy, always bringing home what I could. My teachers never quite understood me, often growing impatient with this little pupil of theirs when he would make merry about the schoolroom, expressing that spontaneity, those exuberant spirits which, in later years, were to delight, if I do say it myself, the audiences in every portion of the globe, including California. [*Continued on next page.*]



What Are You Doing About Your Superfluous Hair?

Now-a-days no attractive girl will allow a single unwanted hair to blemish her otherwise lovely appearance. Every dainty and refined woman the world over is removing her superfluous hair because it seriously detracts from her charm.
To have real charm one must have beauty and poise and this is impossible with an ugly growth of embarassing and unwanted superfluous hair.
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If after trying the Kilrute Combination Treatment you find it is not as represented, return the unused portion to the dealer who sold it to you and the price will immediately be refunded. You risk nothing.

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But I think many of my friends realized even then that I would make my way. Which way, they did not then know. Motion pictures, naturally, were not then as popular, as universal in appeal as they are now. My friends would have done anything, just anything, to prevent it. For it is such a hard life. I have autographed as many as a hundred checks a day, of my own. And speaking of autographs, there is one subject upon which I must speak my mind. I feel very strongly about this, and I want the world, that is to say my fans, to know that every picture which leaves my studios is autographed personally, by me. It is a sacred duty. Often, after a hard day's work, I will battle with myself. I will say, "Sylvester, you have given greatly of yourself this day. Can you give more?" And always the answer is, yes. Thus have we often remained at the studios, my little secretary and I working away; but I feel that it has not been in vain.

My mother and father still reside in the old home. I have seen to it that there is a new pump in the yard, and last Christmas I sent my mother a washing machine. In closing, permit me to quote from "Sylvester Simplex, His Life Story, published by the S. S. Publishing Corp., profusely illustrated with hitherto unpublished portraits, each copy inscribed by Mr. Simplex."

"Is it any wonder, then, the world loves this man? That the goodness and the truth and the honesty which shine from within should be mirrored on the screen?"

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It was my wife, when everything looked black and there didn't seem to be no place in pictures for a man who could ride and shoot straight, told me to keep at it; that folks would get so tired of seeing pretty faces on the screen that they'd turn to mine for relief sooner or later. It was my wife who first got the idea of havin' closeups of me talkin' to my horse. I always did just what she told me to do. The blow was all the harder when it fell, for I thought the world and all of the little woman. But when I was all set on this career of mine, I got all dolled up one day in a

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new sombrero and called to her to come and pose for some publicity pictures with me.

She looked at me a long time then she said, "I know it's all my fault, but just the same I can't stand it any longer. You were better dead." She left, then, and I ain't seen her since. But that's why the closeups in my new pictures really get you. They reach new heights, everybody says. And I owe that to my wife, too.

Society as the Screen Sees It

From Page 42—

mount cinema engineers in canning the customs and capers of those whose motto is "Comme il faut."

So now we'll double back to Miss Millie Moneybags as she nonchalantly mops up the floors of her ancestral home with an opera cloak worth two hundred times as much as this fricassee of film faux pas.

If I've seen this bit of action once on the screen I've seen it a dozen times. Sigrid Holmquist was the last offender in a picture she made with Jack Holt. The film was so inconsequental that its label has slipped me; but it was evident that the drag was inserted to show Sigrid's utter ennui with her higher plane existence.

Now I've seen the gilded wives and daughters of plutocrats wearing ermine and equally expensive opera cloaks, returning from an evening out but the only things I have ever seen them drag upstairs were their own weary selves and in one instance, a polluted plutocratic husband.

And who complained to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Servants at the way the millionaire sweeties of the screen treated their household vassals? Why no other person than Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, universally conceded to be batting Four Hundred in Gotham's Junior and other leagues.

She was in Hollywood making a picture with Norma Talmadge and frankly stated, if my memory serves me right, that cinematic reproductions of high social events pained her deeply but the treatment accorded picture servants by their movie mistresses made it difficult for her to keep her face straight at crucial moments in the making of the picture.

"The social functions reproduced for the screen are much too stiff," is the essence of Mrs. Hoyt's complaint.

And as for silken bell-ropes, well,



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they're pulling that stuff entirely too much and too often. It's getting so that whenever an audience sees the hero or heroine reach for the tasseled bell-cord, the pit is swept with a chorus of groans. I have yet to find tasseled cords on anything but bath-robes in the homes of the near-great it has been my privilege to visit. Nor can I see anything impressive in the action. The hero, tugging on a silken bell-cord, always stops my train of thought just as surely as a conductor, pulling on said bell-cord's hempen facsimile, halts his train of floats.

Then when it comes to seeing some hand-picked pullet, clad in little more than a smear of punkin rouge, served along with the dessert of a society dinner party, every time I see one on the screen, my soul is ever filled with woe. I have seen darbies served in mammoth eggs, in monster loving-cups, hat-boxes and center-pieces so often that should I ever attend an Elks' stag banquet and gaze upon a model in the raw so presented perhaps my inflammatory cinematism caused by this ancient bit of hokum would know an anodyne.

There is only one other cinema society stunt equally hoary with age and that one deals with having a film version of a sub-deb push her young man, clad in hard-boiled shirt and other evening scenery, into a swimming-pool. Bitterness forbids me to comment further.

Swimming-pools naturally bring cinema bathrooms under consideration—those ornate show-window, plumber's convention exhibits du bain are the bane of my existence. I can imagine the cuss-words emanating from a blue blood if he tried to wash behind his ears in one of those bird-baths the directors put in their pictures in lieu of the regular porcelain wash-tanks I have always found to be so high in the favor of the F. F. Vs., Back Bay pharisees, et al.

But the vogue for trick ablutionary contrivances is waning since directors have found that shots showing Archie Neversweat in his tub make shopgirls swallow their gum. Great dope for heroines now is to have them ablute in a woodland pool.

Speaking of pools, cinematic matrimonial lotteries and the events leading up thereto come up for discussion. In every society film Archie proposes to Gwennie in the garden at twilight—Archie on his knees and also on the pebbles of the garden path—Gwennie, sitting on an art stone bench,—a situation impossible and too humorous for a serious thing like a marriage proposal. Gravel on the knee is almost as bad as onions on the breath when it comes to furtherance of amorous utterances.



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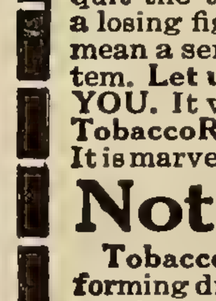
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And any one who has ever sat upon an art stone bench at twilight knows steam-heat is required if the lady is to sit pretty and not have her answering love-speeches chilled.

The ultra ultras get a snicker out of that even as the socially elect who serve a salad at luncheon and dessert only at dinner, go into hysterics when motion-picture directors trot out the golden trenchers on the flimsiest of pretexts. And as for movie teas,—I'm always on the qui vive to catch some seven-fifty "checker" inhaling his orange pekoe from a saucer.

Screen society folks in cinema productions are nothing but "walk-offs," to cadge a gag from an old darky story about the newlyrich.

"De good Lawd in makin' dis yeah new sassiety trash, put a lot uh money in they pockets; painted 'em up purty befoh he put in they brains an' lent dem up against a fence to dry. An some o' them jes' natchelly walked off widdout they brains an' de paint still wet," was the way old Hector told it.

So film versions of high society life are nothing but "walk-offs."

Ma Rubens' Gal

—From Page 51

something that is merely pictorial.

At Mae Murray's Home

AGAIN at Mae Murray's Italian apartment—a little luncheon. Mae herself was the Mae you've never met—she was playing the girl wife, with low heels, smooth hair, Eton collar, and Bob Leonard. The Murray studio was a gorgeous setting for Alma—the iron-grilled gate, carved chairs and all that. One would have sworn she must have a crest on her stationery. That is, if Alma had acted. But she ate a luncheon which would have been a credit to an interviewer and she went on about golf, in which she was, for the instant, interested.

And at the theatre, one night—she looked like a visiting marquesa in her ermine wrap, with her dusky hair framing her face—every one watched her; she looked so subtle. I remember thinking, as we all will at times, of Mona Lisa and Cellini medallions. It was a drama, and she was watching it quietly, carefully. At a poignant moment she ducked her lovely head—to wipe away a tear. And raised it, to consider her faint reflection in the mirror of her vanity case, and to powder thoughtfully her straight nose.

She always looks a little bored, and

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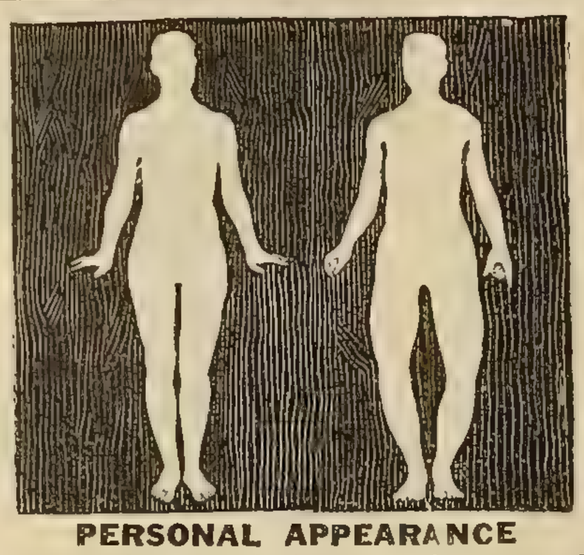
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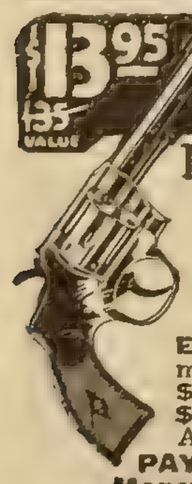
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ONLY very beautiful or very clever women can afford to be absolutely natural at all times. At formal teas; at interviews; at the premiers of their own pictures. Of the gelatine heroines, I can recollect only Olive Thomas, and Mabel Normand, Norma Talmadge, Viola Dana, and Alma Rubens.

Naive Ann Pennington once placed a plump Schopenhauer on the table when I called. I have never seen anything like this at Mrs. Rubens' house. If I ever pick up a book there, I shall pray that it is the Motor Routes of New York State. But it would not startle me to see that it is something by Remy de Gourmont. I've been to see Alma and her mother when they're just moving into a new apartment or just moving out; when there have been paper-hangers and plumbers and new maids and maids being fired. There are always little dogs darting about. There is even a blind Pekingese. It's like something by Gertrude Stein, and twice as amusing. There isn't a framed picture of Alma in the place.

Ma Rubens and Her Picture

A PAPER once requested of Mother Rubens a photograph of herself. "You don't want to put my ugly mug in your magazine!" she cried in honest horror.

There was another "e" in the family name originally, you know, but they could never remember just where it went, so it became, definitely Rubens.

I remember Alma and her mother, silhouetted in twilight against a window that looks out on Central Park. Alma wrapped in something soft and rich and medieval; her amazing brown eyes half veiled with their preposterously long lashes. With Mrs. Rubens, who was in black, from France, she might have been posing for something.

"What were you saying, Mother?"

"Why, I went over to Second Avenue today for the vegetables; you can do so much better over there than on Sixth."

¶ *The Editor Comments on Current Pictures — From page 40*

New Screenplays in Review

LAST month lack of space prevented us commenting upon Pola Negri's appearance in her revival of *The Cheat.* I was going to be very caustic about it. But at this distance I can't seem to remember about it. The original screen melodrama had undergone terrible tribulations. The sinister Jap scoundrel of the original, once done so well by Sessue Hayakawa, turned out to be a fake Hindoo, done very badly by Charles de Roche. There were other changes, and for the worse.

If I were Pola I'd be inquiring about the cost of living in Berlin—before it's too late.

¶ *Helen Lee Introduces Some Silent Workers — From page 48*

Hidden Hands of Filmdom

While C. B. directs the dancing girls in the studio, Jeanie sits in her office and invents the scenes that must hold the story together. She can re-write a story hundreds of times to suit her boss. And she can re-write her own work without complaining. She isn't much in evidence around the studio but she is very much present when C. B. begins to put the picture together. And when the director gets stuck, the rush call goes out for Jeanie.

Griffith and His Cutters

D. W. GRIFFITH'S stories are not so much written as assembled. Griffith shoots miles of footage, works for months, stages all sorts of fine effects and then dumps the crude product on the door-step of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Smith. Whereupon Jimmie and the missus rescue the orphan of D. W.'s brainstorm and beat it into submission.

The Smiths are officially known as the chief cutters of the Griffith studio. They are among the oldest members of the Griffith family. Jimmie was a school friend of the beloved Bobbie Harron and received his education at St. Joseph's Parochial School down in Greenwich Village in New York. But he went through his college training at the old Biograph studio.

Griffith has known Mr. and Mrs.

Jimmie for years and he knows that he can trust them. They are his Court of Common Sense. In the projection room Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie look at many thousand feet of film and decide what is essential to the story. It breaks a director's heart to see his best stuff go in the discard but Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie work so tactfully that they can cut a picture without forcing Griffith to leap off Brooklyn Bridge in sheer depths of gloom.

More Hidden Hands

ODDLY enough, two costume designers can qualify as hidden hands. Both Sophie Wachner, of the Goldwyn studio, and Ethel Chafin, of the Lasky studio, have unusual personalities. In spite of the fact that they are close to the business of making pictures, they still have a detached and critical attitude about the work that goes on in the big lots.

Sophie Wachner represents Higher Criticism at the Goldwyn studio. The actors or actresses really fear her. She can make them or break them with the company. Her likes and dislikes are as casual, as sudden and as unreasonable as a bolt of lightning. She either likes a picture or she hates it. She seldom says why she likes it or why she dislikes it but, once she is mad at a production, she stays away from it.

In other words, Sophie is the General Public. Her opinions coincide almost exactly with the reaction of a million or more film fans. Actors and directors court her favor, exactly as they court the favor of the public.

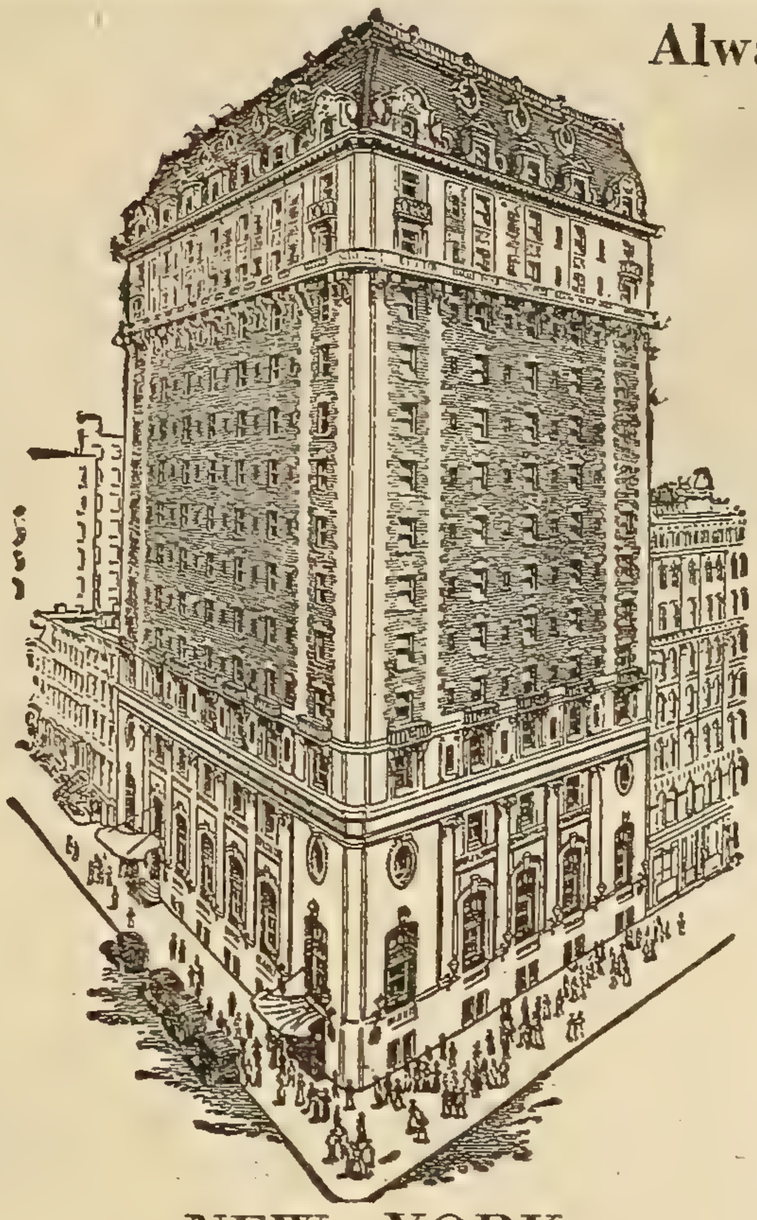
Mrs. Ethel Chafin seldom expresses her opinions about the pictures and she doesn't play favorites in the studio. But she is a marvellous bureau of complaint. She listens to confidences, she smooths away fights, she gives good advice, she calms hasty tempers, she encourages beginners. And when she has nothing else to do, she designs clothes.

If she were an older woman with white hair, she would be called the studio mother. But she is a young, good-looking and businesslike person and so her advice carries the force of practical experience.

Theda Bara and Driven

THE old line from "Merton of the Movies"—the one about "the best pals and severest critics"—holds good in many movie households. As a matter of fact, the wives excel as critics and plenty of important movie affairs are settled on the bungalow porches of Hollywood. Or at little home dinner parties. Or at Sunday afternoon teas. If you want to know the truth about a picture, don't ask the director. Just go to the director's wife.

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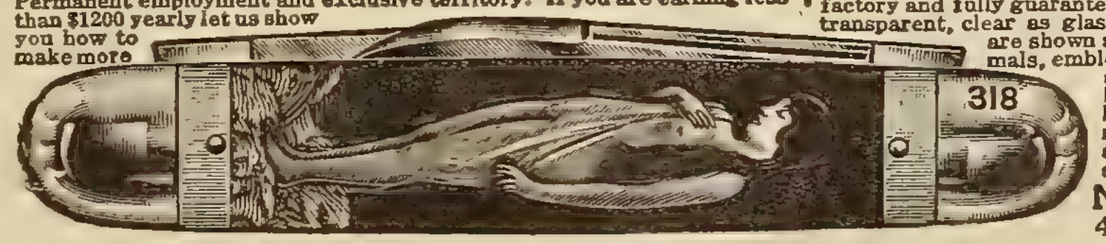
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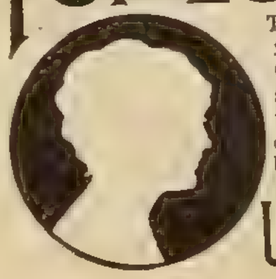
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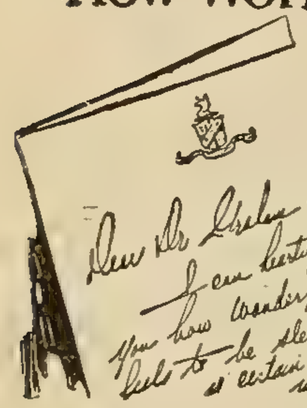
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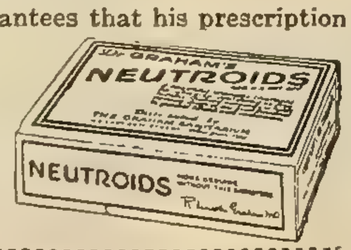
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Charles Brabin, a director with no masterpieces to his credit, married Theda Bara. Now in the course of many years' studio experience, Miss Bara learned something besides how to make her eyes misbehave. So when Brabin started out with a small sum of money to make a picture called *Driven,* Miss Bara, disguised as Mrs. Brabin, took a heavy interest in the undertaking. The wise guys say that Charley couldn't have done it without her.

Driven was a success and it established Brabin as a big-time director. As for Miss Bara, she took none of the glory because she knows she can go out and reap enough glory on her own account.

Since her marriage to Charles Eyton, Kathlyn Williams, former Selig star, has played second parts. As the wife of a Lasky studio manager, she could have demanded fat roles, plenty of glory and lots of close-ups. But she has carefully submerged her own interests to those of her husband.

The result is that Miss Williams has more influence in the studio than many of the more glaring lights. Her tact is immense and her good nature unbounded. In the most trying situations, she keeps a strictly neutral position and, in consequence she is credited with smoothing away many misunderstandings in the studio. Her stellar role is that of peace-maker. And if you don't believe a peace-maker is a commercially valuable proposition, consider the expense of a law suit instituted by a temperamental star!

Kathlyn Williams Diplomat

INCIDENTALLY, Miss Williams is Pola Negri's most trusted friend. The dark-eyed and fiery star finds the blonde and calm Kathlyn an ideal companion. Kathlyn's tact has probably saved the company some real money.

Another wife of still a different type is Mrs. Rupert Hughes who sometimes publishes poems under the name of Adelaide Minola Hughes. She hasn't Theda Bara's business ability neither is she a peace-maker like Miss Williams. But she is one critic to whom Rupert will listen. And Rupert doesn't like criticism. When Mrs. Hughes, who is not officially connected with the movie business, enters the studio, Rupert drops the megaphone. And before Rupert submits a scenario, he usually discusses it at length with the Missus.

Moreover, Mrs. Hughes has a way of bringing just the right persons together at her dinner parties. And that is a much more difficult art than writing free-verse poems.

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band and a wife who writes scenarios is hard to beat. As soon as a director, who happens to be unmarried, finds a scenario writer, who also happens to be unmarried, he generally rushes her to the altar to clinch her services for life.

Anita Loss (Mrs. John Emerson), Josephine Lovett (Mrs. John Robertson), and Ouida Bergere (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice) might resent being called hidden hands or master minds because they are willing to let their husbands have the glory. But when an important decision confronts any of these directors, the Little Woman usually has a few well-chosen words to say on the subject.

Katharine Hilliker and her husband, Captain H. H. Caldwell, are another capable business concern. The Caldwells specialize in upholstering and dry cleaning foreign-made productions for American audiences. As you know foreign directors seldom worry about the fine feelings of censors and it is the job of the Caldwells to make such pictures as *Passion* and *Mad Love* safe for our democracy. They were the hidden hands behind some of the success of the first German pictures.

But the most muscular and close-fisted hidden hands in all the glorious movie business are those that rocked the cradles of the stars. In other words, the most efficient business management is controlled by the Movie Mother. If you don't believe it, ask the star who owns one.

¶ *Harriette Underhill Tells Her Experiences—From Page 21*

Why I'll Never Title Another Film

form only to find that they "didn't jell" properly. They have called them vandals. But they have gone right on selling their slaves down the river for a few—in a manner of speaking—paltry dollars. Others have written large epistles saying how delighted they were and still others have been delighted. But they are rare.

"Did you see what they did to my story?" these authors wail to us. "Why the heroine is a Belgian instead of a German, she is twenty instead of thirty-five, she marries the man she loves instead of having him killed in the war, her child is legitimatized and the thing is a sweet comedy drama instead of a tragedy. It's terrible—it's an outrage and the picture has my name on it."

"Why don't you make them take it off then?" we asked mildly. For having become liberated oneself we can't get very much worked up over the wrongs of those who choose to remain in bondage. "When you sell your story you sell your name."

"Well, you knew that before; so why do you sell your stories to them if you don't like their methods?"

"I needed the money. You know one can't throw away $30,000."

Came a Sunny April Day

"Is that so? Well, $30,000 isn't any more to you than $1,000 is to us and do you know that we have voluntarily decided never to title another picture."

Listen and you shall hear a brief synopsis of our tale of woe. Came a day, a sunny April day, when hearts throb with that age-old emotion—there do you see how we're getting. We're talking like a movie title and we were just about to tell you of the wonder girl with the pure eyes. But, as we were saying, came a day when we found our self sitting in a nice cozy projection room watching the picture which we had just titled. Our opening title had read, "Helen finds New York a city of flats, also flat car wheels and flat pocketbooks."

But were we allowed to get away with any such flippancy as this? Rather not. The title finally read, "Helen found New York a city of shattered ideals and lost dreams." In the dark of the projection room we blushed. How cruel and unimaginative we had been; and so it went on and on. Once in a while we recognized a title but not often. The story was about a girl who disliked children and then one night shot one by mistake, thinking that she heard a burglar. To relieve the tension we put in a title which read, "If you think that you do not like children just try shooting one of the little dears by mistake and see how you feel about it." This was our pet title for it bridged over a scene which was much overacted. But the director had objected so strenuously to this that he was allowed to furnish his own title. Here is what he wrote, "All night long Helen sat beside the tiny cot with baby fingers twined in hers and in her heart was born a new emotion, a new hope. It was mother love."

"It Was Mother Love"

In a dazed way we wondered if we hadn't wandered into the wrong room.



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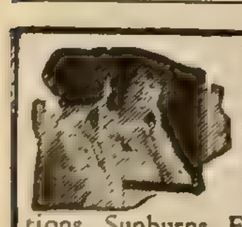


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But, no, there were the familiar scenes which we had been engaged to furnish with reading matter, and then we came to the title about "Helen has her revenge; she refuses to be forgotten," which had been changed to "Even a cad may know remorse," etc. We could bear no more. With vows and imprecations we rush from the room crying, "Take my name off that. Don't you dare to use my name." The director followed us out, "My dear young lady," he said soothingly, "we couldn't use the word 'revenge' in connection with the heroine. It would lose her sympathy." We uttered a near oath. "But that one about 'cad' and 'remorse' and a thoroughbred, that's awful!"

"Why, he was a cad wasn't he? And then he felt remorse and in that way he became worthy of her. Cad is a good, strong word. The people like it."

So this is the end of the story about the title writer and the never never land.

The Gift for Glory

—From page 25

like to send him to a religious school. I went to a convent until I studied under private tutors."

You look at her so intently that she misunderstands you.

Miss La Marr's Gypsy Intelligence

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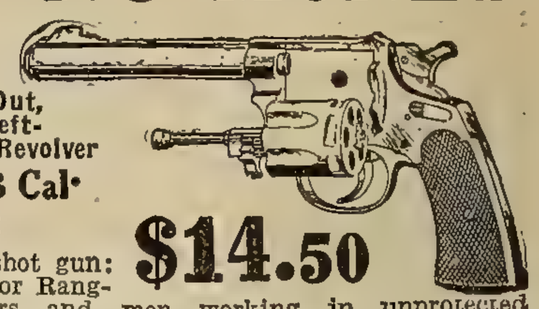
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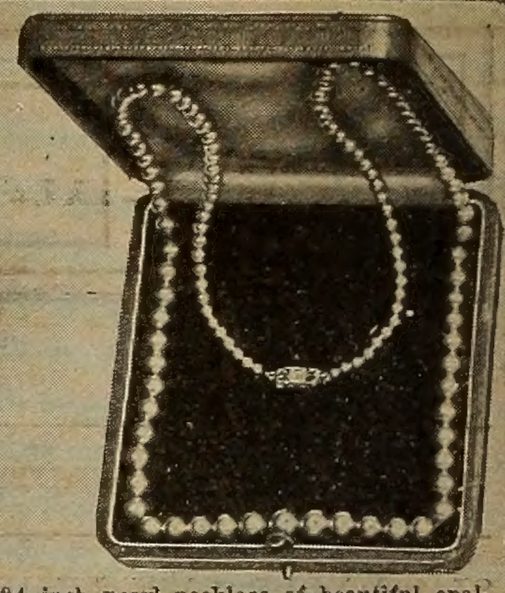
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20 K. white gold ring; diamond set in ¾ Karat cup setting
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Lady's 7 diamond cluster, set in platinum, 18 K. white gold ring.
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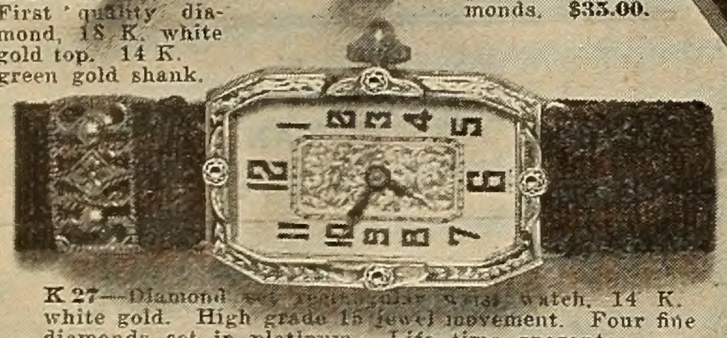
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Gentleman's seven diamond cluster in platinum. 14 K. ring.
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Three fine diamonds in 18 K. white gold top, lady's mounting, 14 K. green gold.
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Lady's seven diamond cluster; 14 K. white gold mounting.
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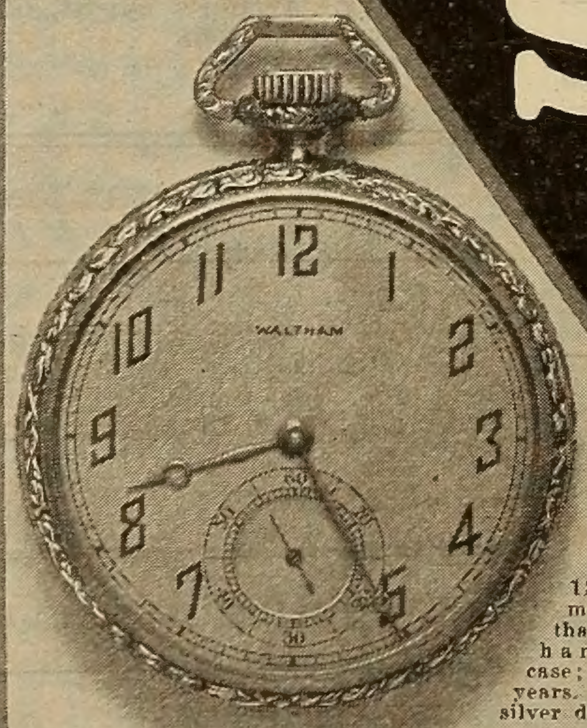
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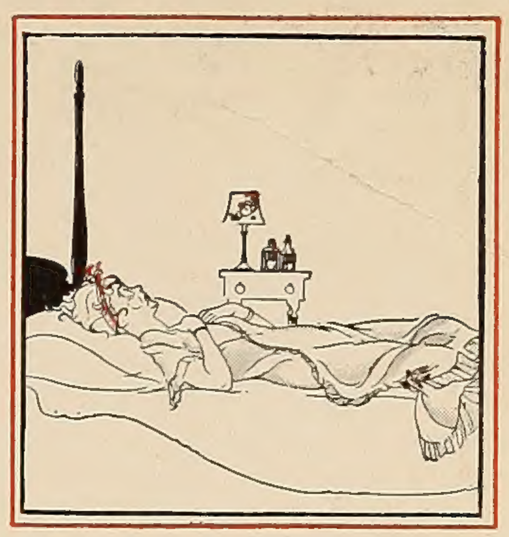
4 While the MINERALAVA is doing its beauty work of drawing out the impurities from the pores and ironing out the tiny wrinkles, you may relax for five or ten minutes.



5 Spray or wash off the MINERALAVA mask, starting with lukewarm water, gradually letting the water get as cold as possible.



6 Saturate thin pieces of cotton, about the size of a silver dollar, with pure witch hazel.



7 Apply the witch hazel pads to the eyes, curling back the lashes. Rest with the pads on for five minutes.



3 Now apply a thin mask of MINERALAVA with the dainty brush that comes with the bottle; using an upward stroke.





8 Apply Face Finish with finger tips or a piece of cotton; patting it gently in till it is absorbed.



2 A wash cloth wrung out in warm—not too hot —water, will open the pores of the face and neck



9 When Face Finish is thoroughly dry, apply face powder.



1 With a soft cloth and cold cream remove the surface-dirt or make-up.



10 Within half an hour—radiant for the dinner party.

Mineralava
is a natural antiseptic clay, refined by the foremost chemists of the world, and rendered more potent by the addition of certain medicinal and beauty-giving qualities.

Mineralava draws out all impurities from the pores, cleansing the skin thoroughly. It stimulates the blood vessels, creating perfect circulation, and thereby builds up the facial muscles and nourishes the underlying tissues.

Mineralava does for the face and neck what exercise does for the body, and with the resultant firmness and health of each tiny muscle, wrinkles, lines and flabby flesh are smoothed away. The skin attains the smooth, healthy condition of childhood — thereby normal — neither too dry nor too oily.

Mineralava will demonstrate a marked improvement after one application. Its continued use keeps the pores so clean that they gradually resume their normal size, and the texture of the skin consequently becomes finer. The color comes back to the cheeks, bringing a skin health and beauty unobtainable by any other method.

Mineralava Face Finish,
which should always be used after a Mineralava treatment, is a wonderful tonic for the skin—soothing, healing, nourishing, and at the same time a mild bleach.

The cleansed skin readily absorbs the Face Finish, which gently closes, without clogging, the pores. It is essentially protective and provides an excellent base for your favorite face powder, which willnot cake as it sometimes does on a heavier base. Mineralava Face Finish is not merely an adjunct to Mineralava, but is, on the contrary, a very fine lotion on its own account, and its regular use on the skin after bathing will impart a smooth and velvety texture.

Mineralava is on sale at all good drug and department stores at $2.00 a bottle (each bottle containing enough for 18 treatments), a special trial tube at 50c, containing enough for three treatments, and the Face Finish at $1.50. If you are not entirely satisfied with the results, your dealer will refund your money.

The better class beauty and barber shops give and recommend Mineralava facials.

NOTE—If you are in a hurry, omit details 1, 6 and 7. For refreshing tired eyes, 6 and 7 will be found very beneficial, but are not an essential part of the treatment.

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